

FRIDAY, JULY 27, 1917

# Reedy's MIRROR

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## REEDY'S MIRROR



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### Land Skates

A ball-bearing, pneumatic-tired skate which will run easier on a level road or street than an ice skate will slide on ice, has been invented by Charles H. Clark of New York city, says the *Popular Science Monthly*.

Located on opposite sides of each foot are two nine-inch wheels, the front wheel being on the inside of the foot and the rear wheel on the outside, so as not to interfere in any way with the movements of the legs.

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In addition to this purpose of protecting the ankle the brace acts as a brake arm to set the band brake on the rear wheel. By pushing either foot forward, in the same manner that a person would do who wanted to stop when walking, the brake is operated. The tires are resilient enough to enable the operator to steer with ease. According to the inventor, a person equipped with the skates can travel three times as far with the same amount of effort as in walking.

To travel, one simply raises one foot and then the other as one would in walking. The wheels are placed in such a way as to maintain an even balance at all times.

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### His Fall Not Unchecked

Two insurance agents—a Yankee and an Englishman—were bragging about their rival methods. The Britisher was holding forth on the system of prompt payment carried out by his people—no trouble, no fuss, no attempt to wriggle out of settlement.

"If the man died to-night," he continued, "his widow would receive her money by the first post to-morrow morning."

"You don't say?" drawled the Yankee. "See here, now, you talk of prompt payment! Waal, our office is on the third floor of a building forty-nine stories high. One of our clients lived in that forty-ninth story, and he fell out of the window. We handed him his check as he passed."—*Atlanta Journal*.

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Donald McAllister, a Scottish farmer, was going to town for a day or two, and his daughter, Maggie, had a weary time listening to the hundred and one instructions he gave her as to care and economy. "Mind the coal," "Don't waste any food," "Don't sit up burning light," etc. Finally he set off, but in a moment he was back with a parting admonition: "An', Maggie, there's young Angus. See that he doesn't wear his spectacles when he's no readin' or writin'. It's needless wear an' tear."—*Argonaut*.

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Fourteen thousand, six hundred per cent is a pretty high rate of rent! But it's just what you pay when you hand the cloakroom pirate a jitney for watching your hat for an hour. Do you get us? Well, it's just like this: When you pay 10 cents for the loan of a dollar for a year, you pay 10 per cent. But if you pay 10 cents for the loan of a dollar for a day, you pay 365 times as high a rate

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The pretty girl of the party was bantering the genial bachelor on his reasons for remaining single. "No-oo, I never was exactly disappointed in love," he meditated. "I was more what you might call discouraged. You see, when I was very young I became very much enamored of a young lady of my acquaintance; I was mortally afraid to tell her

of my feeling, but at last I screwed up my courage to the proposing point. I said, 'Let's get married.' And she said, 'Good Lord! Who'd have us?'"—*Argonaut*.

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"Here's a substance which breaks down when exposed to light," remarked the chemist. "That must be the stuff reputations are made of," observed the politician.—*Life*.

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*Victim*—How much?—*New York Times*.

# REEDY'S MIRROR

Vol. XXVI. No. 29

ST. LOUIS, FRIDAY, JULY 27, 1917

PRICE TEN CENTS

## REEDY'S MIRROR

SYNDICATE TRUST BUILDING.

Telephones: Bell, Main 2147; Kinloch, Central 745.  
All business communications should be addressed  
"Business Manager," Reedy's Mirror.

Entered at the Post Office at St. Louis, Mo., U. S.  
A., as second-class matter.

Terms of subscription to Reedy's Mirror, including postage in the United States and Mexico, \$3.00 per year; \$1.60 for six months; in Canada, Central and South America, \$3.50 per year; \$2.10 for six months. Subscriptions to all foreign countries, \$4.00 per year.

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Payments, which must be in advance, should be made by Check, Money Order or Registered Letter, payable to Reedy's Mirror, St. Louis.

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WILLIAM M. REEDY, Editor and Proprietor

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## Getting the Range

By William Marion Reedy

THE collapse of the Russian offensive against Germany is a disaster of magnitude. It means the postponement of the allied offensive on the western front possibly until the year 1918, for an offensive that is not simultaneous on both fronts is of little or no value in hastening the end of the war. The Allies, counting on the Russians, were preparing to deliver an attack upon the western front; but with the Russians so tremendously checked the Germans can release forces in the east and strengthen themselves in the west so that another allied attack can accomplish but little and that at a cost too heavy to be paid. The Allies in the west must wait until the Russian forces have been reorganized by Kerensky and his generals. From all accounts, such reorganization will take a long time. Meanwhile the Germans are highly heartened and they will intensify their activity in the west, not that they hope to gain a great victory but because they hope to break the spirit of France, which is weary of the terrible strain. It is said that there is a dangerous growth of the pacifist feeling in France and that the government is hard put to it to keep it down. It appears that in Germany people are talking of France's breaking, as here and in England we talk of the likelihood of revolution in Germany. This is the opinion at least of such a military expert as Frank Simonds of the New York Tribune, who is nothing if not pro-English. Taken in connection with the story of an oncoming German reserve of two million men, this condition means the possibility that Russia will have to be left out of account for a long time, and that the United States must take Russia's place. It would seem that the British and French should strike now to draw the Germans from the eastern line and enable Russia to pull her armies together, as apparently the western German line is too strong to be taken without more elaborate preparation than has been provided.

In the circumstances the need for more celerity in our getting into action is plain. We must hasten our troops to the firing lines. We must get ships and airplanes. We must tighten the embargo. We must assure the Allies plentiful supplies of everything they need. The critical nature of the situation is plain to everybody. The Russian disaster of Tarnopol and the mutiny may end all semblance of government and order in that country and render her negligible in German strategy and tactics. With Russia out, France may be beaten to her knees and England put in perilous plight. The United States may have to bear the brunt of the war in its last stages.

If this country is to save its allies there must be harmonious co-operation in Washington and our largest possible force must be sent to the front at the earliest possible moment. Co-ordinated co-

operation is imperative. The acceptance of the resignation of General Goethals and the dismissal of Mr. Denman are the beginning of such co-operation. It has already broken the back of congressional opposition and will influence better teamwork in war-management generally. It ends the controversy over steel or wooden ships. The appointment of Admiral Capps, a naval construction expert, means steel ships. The appointments of Mr. Hurley and Bainbridge Colby are excellent. No reputation or influence will stand in the President's way. The food bill will be his bill. There will be one head to the war. This has to be so, for the defeat of Germany is this country's task and there is no other way to accomplish it.

NEW YORK, JULY 25.

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## Reflections

By W. M. R.

### By the Sea

BUT for the boys in khaki from the army, the white-clothed marines, the sailors in blue and naval officers in duck, you might stay at Atlantic City a month and never suspect that there is a war of wars, or even rumor of war. That is, if you did not see the scream headlines in the papers. For Atlantic City is a city of pleasure. It so proclaims itself in large signs on the pipe lines across country that you view from the railroad. It is the paradise of the folk with the all-devouring eye. And of the side show barker. Multiply our Forest Park Highlands by some hundreds and you have Atlantic City as the visitor chiefly remembers it. Along its vaunted eight miles of board walk the shops innumerable invite tawdrily. Therein is everything displayed and purveyed that is gaudily inutile, millions of notions, knick-knacks, trinkets, whim-whams. There are stores that sell expensive articles of dress and jewelry, with bargain written all over them. A monster pier runs out into the sea proclaiming the 57 varieties of pickles, as if in defiance of the pickling potentiality of the sea itself. What or who is Neptune compared with Heinz? At night the lines of light that pick out the piers against the darkness are beautiful and the mechanical signs in which electricity portrays human action are of never-ending interest. There are old-fashioned dime museums with old-fashioned lecturers; human curios who have only to offer souvenirs of themselves for sale to drive the crowds away; trick appliances to fool the unwarily inquisitive; minstrel shows of unimaginable atrocity; movies, aquaria, merry-go-rounds, shooting galleries, games with rings and balls in which people try for prizes that are ingeniously worthless—all the paraphernalia and equipment that suggest the old adage that there's a sucker born every minute, and a wise guy to trim him.

And this is pleasure. There is about as much mind in it as there is in a—well, as there is in just what it is. You get the impression that most of the people who enjoy this have not quite the intelligence of the trained sea-lions that do tricks in a big tank for the delectation of the observers. There's a place hereabouts called Yaphank, where a cantonment is located. Yaphank were a better name for Atlantic City if the "attractions" along the board walk were all of it. But behind this curtain of fire and fakery lies a very pretty town of most pleasing homes along streets and roads most restful to ride upon. Some of the big hotels are like architecture out of Max-

## REEDY'S MIRROR

field Parrish's paintings or W. H. Sime's fine illustrations of Lord Dunsany's plays and stories—alps of buildings crowned with pinnacles and domes that might make a sky-line for Xanadu of Khubla Khan. There is dancing on every side—dancing and eating; dancing at the big hotels for the swells, dancing at twenty-five cents a round for that social class which is just above the ruggers; eating on the order of the Ritz-Carlton, and eating in which the *piece de resistance* is hot dog; eating of tons of candy, swigging of countless gallons of ice cream soda and soft drinks that harden the soul. The thing is maddening for a while, but you fall in with it, after a little. Where's the harm in it? All these people might well be doing something worse than they are doing. It is not so certain that, all things considered, they would be doing so much better if they were doing anything. They look happy, mostly, though some of them are being so with something like a desperate determination.

In the hotels you find many elderly folk who are simply resting and you hear a deal of the soft, drawling speech that marks the speakers as from the south—Atlantic City has long been a favorite with the southerners of wealth. They do not seem to notice the great swirling, chattering crowd that swoops over from Philadelphia and down from New York. There are loud people in abundance, "men with names like Rhine wines," sports male and female, all kinds of people in fact, but all behaving themselves. You see no rowdyism at Atlantic City, on sea or shore. You see people and people and people. They are the greatest show on earth. You see them walking endlessly and aimlessly on the board walk from daybreak to midnight, or riding in roll-chairs in a monotonous procession. You know none of them, yet you know them all. You approve of some or disapprove of others for what their faces or forms seem to tell you of their inward selves. But after all they are just yourself. Whenever I look them over I find myself quoting: "I myself am as honest a man as any man who is no honester than I." In this age of growing equality of the sexes the same philosophy applies to women. They are all good, dear folks to some other folks. And here they are, all trying to escape from something or other or seeking that which Walter Pater says is here in this world in no satisfying quantity or quality, if at all. When you view them in their march along the board walk and then look out to the sea that whispers or thunders or slides and slithers or tumbles and crashes on the beach you cannot but feel sorry for them all. They pass and vanish. Old Ocean stays and will swallow them all back whence they came. It is a fine old ocean always on the job. Sometimes it's ferocious and sometimes feline friendly, but there's no use in being afraid of it. It's kin of us. Taste the blood when you cut your finger and you get the ocean's tang.

You look for some things and find them not. For example, the daring bathing suit that we are told about in the papers. It does not exist. I didn't see one in four days, and I hope no one will think I am so old that I didn't look. Everybody is modest in attire and demeanor. If you are looking for a shock at Atlantic City don't expect it until you come to pay your hotel bill. And if you are a connoisseur of pulchritude in women you will be disappointed. I mean as to faces. But on the board walk you will find lots of beauty in calf and ankle. It seems to me that women have been neglecting their faces for some years and putting all their art and grace into their lower limbs. How they show them! If legs were so displayed the last time I was in Atlantic City, which was in July, 1893, the exhibitors would have been arrested. And true to the woman spirit, I believe that the legs are shown not for themselves but for the hosiery and boots or slippers. The lady is not proud of her legs and feet, but she is proud of what covers them. Since fashion has concerned itself with the feet of women, they neglect their faces. Millinery is not as important as shoes, nor as costly, I am told. Yet it's an old, old story. There's a girl in Shakespeare who says, "With a good leg

and a good foot, uncle, I can win any man in the world." So she goes *saccula sacculorum*, and we follow. Where would Atlantic City be but for women? Why, Ocean itself existed but to bring forth Aphrodite, and "love is the pearl of the oyster." And all the yarns of the sea strung out together would not equal the yarn that is being knitted by the women. They knit even at breakfast. I saw a girl in a red bathing suit sitting where the wavelets just lapped her feet, knitting in the sun. What the women are knitting I do not know. But they know they look well knitting, and that is enough. There ought to be a heavy sur-tax on the yarn-makers. They must be making as much money as the munitions men.

I got to Atlantic City the evening of the day of the great conscription lottery. There were thousands of young men on the board walk or in the surf, youths subject to the draft, but they were not worrying about their numbers. They were not anxious to buy the papers; but I saw some elderly men and women who were much concerned in the columns of numbers. They were evidently looking for the number or numbers that would call their boys. I heard one youth say "they got my number," and he seemed rather proud of it. Later on I met half a dozen who had been "caught." None of them seemed to feel that there was anything servile in being conscripted. They didn't think it was good luck, but they did seem to regard the falling of the choice upon them as a kind of honor. In all my moving about during the past three weeks I have heard very little talk of resentment against the draft, save from a few high-brow socialists and such. There is more anti-draft stuff in the papers than one can hear in ordinary intercourse. The people take the war with a curious calmness. At noon on the day of the drawing I was down on Fifth avenue at Twenty-sixth street in New York city and was caught for about three-quarters of an hour in that great mid-day milling of the men from the lofts and shops in that region. That is one of the sights of New York. Those men simply walk up and down the street. I noted all of them have straw hats. They are a quiet crowd. You get the general impression that they do not talk with one another. They are stolid. You rarely hear a laugh. Very few of them smile. Jewish physiognomies preponderate. All the men look so tired they are sad. I suppose most of them are aliens, but there must be many citizens in the group. In such a place, if anywhere, there should have been excitement on draft day but there was not a ripple. The draft excitement was not great even when the bulletin boards of the newspapers displayed the drawn numbers, and so far as I could see there was no such rush to get the papers containing the results of the lottery as there often is to get an extra about a murder or a baseball game. Never was a war taken so coolly, so matter-of-course, as this one. There is little enthusiasm save when the band plays "The Star-Spangled Banner," and then everybody stands and applauds perfunctorily. But the people don't like to be called upon to stand up every time "The Marsellaise" is played. There would be no getting through a meal in a restaurant if we had to stand when the bands play our own, the Russian, French, English, Italian and Portuguese anthems. After a while we may have to get up when the national airs of Brazil and other South American allies are played. I should say that the war is not yet a popular war. As B. Russell Herts, decorative artist and literateur put it, "The administration has not yet succeeded in selling the war to the American people." Some selling work will be necessary before long, when the other bond issues come. The visitors at Atlantic City might realize there was a real war if a German submarine appeared in the offing. But perhaps their surrender to *dolce far niente* is due to the fact that the war is a three-year-old story of which the edge is worn off. Atlantic City natives know there is a war though. The season is not a fat one. The pusher of a chair in which I filled the role of Great Krishna Mulvaney told me that the business thus far has been light. The bathhouse attendants tell the

same story. The hotels have rooms for all. Remark that the board walk is crowded and the inhabitant will tell you, "This crowd is nothing. There are times when the jam is so great the mass of people is immovable." There are legends of people fainting in the crush. This year people are kept away by fear of submarines. Also a great many people have not got over the fear inspired by last year's sharks and the epidemic of infantile paralysis. Poliomyelitis has disappeared this year, and the fact has been well advertised, but the fear generated by last year's visitation will linger for some time.



### The War News

THE war news is not inspiring. Russia's too literal acceptance of democracy has paralyzed the army temporarily at least. The soldiers want to have a referendum on the general's orders. The big offensive is disintegrating. This is ominous for our side of the war. Maybe that wonderful young man Kerensky can get the Russian army into a mood to fight as it should, but he has years of the pacifist-mystic agitation from Dostoevsky and Tolstoy to Andriev and Gorky to overcome, and that's saying nothing about the years of German intrigue. As bad as the Russian news is Mr. Grasty's recital of the submarine situation as regards England, in the *New York Evening Post*. He says that the submarines are destroying more tonnage than the English can make up. This I think is true in the long run. If the conditions remain as they are, the submarine will eventually bring England to terms. All the other papers discredit the *Evening Post's* figures, but the fact is that the submarine can sink ships faster than they can be built by England. And we are not building ships as we are in duty bound to build them. Denman and Goethals have been chewing the rag over the kind of ships to build and about the final seat of ship-building authority. This means that we cannot get our army over to Europe as early as we should. It is badly needed, for Germany will have over two million more men in the field in a short time. This is not all there is to the critical nature of the situation. The work on the cantonment drags. The wrangle over the food control measure continues. There will be another jawing match over the prohibition feature of the law and another attempt to put the whole question of food control in the hands of Mr. Hoover. The war council is overworked. The cabinet members are swamped. There is scandal, most of it unfounded, about war purchases. Overlapping of ill-defined authority in the various boards causes confusion and friction. The organization so far as created is too loose for that German effectiveness we expect to be produced at the drop of the hat. There is too much debating society in the procedure. Between councils of defence and purchasing boards and all kinds of commissions there is a great deal of resultless energy. This is not bettered in the least by the fact that the members of the senate and the house feel themselves shut out of things. They have nothing to say about the filling of the minor posts. The President does not consult them about details. He only tells them he wants what he wants when he wants it. One of the best posted politicians in the United States told me the other evening that the President has lost control of his party in congress and is in a fair way to find a larger group of wilful men opposed to him in the near future. The congress feels that it is barred out of the war. It is sore about all the new men who have been put in authority without pay, men who have had a distrust of and contempt for politicians and have not yet quite learned to conceal it. A number of senators and congressmen are insurgent because they think they see old-time iniquitous Big Business getting a grip on the government that will be unshakable. Washington is described as chaos, but of course it may only look like chaos to the outsider. There is also to be remembered this, that there is a steady underhand fight on the administration, chiefly though against Secretary of the Navy Daniels and Secretary of War Baker. The President will not let these men go—not even after

the former has admitted that George Creel touched up the report of the arrival of our army in France with a little old Capt. Marryat romantic stuff. One thing congress has acted upon promptly—the appropriation for airplane warfare. The thing that most exasperatingly lags is ship-building. Big advertisements appear in the New York papers, saying, "For God's Sake Hurry Up" with the ships. You hear it said that those ads are paid for by the steel trust, though signed by the National Security League. I heard a man say in the subway: "That fellow Goethals should be fired. Look at his name. He's a German." These things I quote simply as indicative of the intensity of feeling. The things I hear about my good friend Senator James A. Reed of Missouri with regard to his fight on Hoover are unfit for publication. They say that Senator Stone rolls the balls and Reed fires them. Another theory is that Reed has become possessed by the idea that Hoover is a protege of Rockefeller—probably because Rockefeller helped the Belgian relief fund so liberally. A man said the other day, "Jim Reed is as bad in the senate as Frank P. Walsh was on the Committee on Industrial Relations. They are both from Kansas City. Reed wants to keep Walsh from succeeding him in the senate." To those who know Missouri politics, nothing could be more fantastic. I had great difficulty assuring a charming woman the other day that Senator Reed is not a member of Bill Haywood's I. W. W. The big politician I referred to a few lines back said that he learned at Washington that Reed had more support in the senate than outsiders imagined and it would rally to him against the President at the proper time. That seems absurd too; but it is doubtless true that there runs all through the senate a strong antagonism to the evident desire of the President to gather all the war power into his own hands. The new U-boat scare, the crumbling of the Russian offensive, the *rapprochement* between kaiser and *Reichstag* reported in Monday morning's papers, the news of the new millions of German reserves, taken in conjunction with the reports from Washington indicating hopeless delay and confusion are not calculated to inspire optimism. My own opinion is that in their chauvinism the American people have expected too much in too short a time. They thought that somehow Yankees were going to do miracles. There are no miracles. Things are done by hard work, and organization does not spring forth perfected even after 105 days of our being at war. Conditions at Washington look worse than they are. A big manufacturer who had been there told me that he was amazed to find out how much the government knew of his line of business and even of the conditions in his own plant. When he told the secretary of war he thought he could not deliver the goods "Old Uncle Sam showed me that I could deliver—showed me things I hadn't thought of myself." We may be getting a bit panicky about the war through sheer suspense. A man at the Marlborough-Blenheim hotel-city said Monday morning, "My God, there's no one can save us but Kerensky. He seems to be the man from the north prophesied by Tolstoy as the saviour of the world. We thought it was going to be Woodrow Wilson." So far as I can make out the one man who apparently should be excited by the present state of affairs is the one man that is not. His name is Woodrow Wilson. He won't listen to proposals for a coalition cabinet. He won't stand for Senator Weeks' bill for a joint congressional committee on control of the war. His proposition to congress is, "Give me the legislation I ask and I'll give you an example of control." He is the whole show as things are. Whatever may be said against him, he is not dodging responsibility but seeking more of it. There is clamor that he is putting the south in the saddle, favoring it in keeping down its quota of soldiers, in locating the cantonments there—all bosh. The south is not heavily drafted because it hasn't the men; the men are in the manufacturing north. As for training places, the south is the best location considering that our men have to get ready to go into the war in the beginning of winter. The President's real offense is that he is above politics

and is not playing politics with the congress. I think I note in most of the criticism of Wilson and support of his antagonists the accent of pro-German speech. Not all opponents of Wilson are pro-German, but all pro-Germans are among his opponents and praising the words and actions of Reed, La Follette, Kenyon, Vardaman and others. For the rest there is harsh criticism by bloody-shirt Republican newspapers, aimed at the President through Daniels and Baker. With the pro-Germans and the rabid Republican partisans I class the pacifists who are too good, in their own opinion, to fight for common humanity. It's funny to find the pacifists lined up with the I. W. W. who are committed to increasing destruction and warfare with no more regard for any rules of warfare than a German submarine. Wilson may not be perfect in this crisis, but he's the best we've got, so far as discovered. We cannot be rid of him if he fails, but he will rid himself of failures when they are proved such. We have been in the war one hundred and five days. There is no proved failure yet.

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#### *Socializing Medicine*

APROPOS a paragraph in these columns last week on the subject of the need for more physicians, not alone for the army but for the civilian population, I find mention of an unique experiment in medical organization that is being made in Cincinnati. It is of the highest interest to all medical practitioners. The undertaking is under the auspices of the National Social Unit Organization, formed in New York city last year by sociologists and physicians of note. From the papers one learns the general outline of the work to be done.

Thirty-three physicians living or having their practice within the social laboratory—a neighborhood of 15,000 persons, known as the Mohawk-Brighton district—have organized as a group, with an executive committee and a director, for the purpose of conducting the health work of the neighborhood. The physicians will serve as a local health department, and the director will serve as health officer for the neighborhood. Clinics and classes in the prevention of disease will be established, and each doctor will be paid for the work he does. If, as time goes on, the physicians find this work is interfering with their medical practice, an increased remuneration will be forthcoming. Selection of staffs and their heads, fixing of fees and the determining of methods and policies are all to be left to the doctors as a self-governing group. Dr. J. H. Landis, health officer of Cincinnati, president of the Cincinnati Academy of Medicine and one of the leading public health workers in the United States, is chairman of a committee which has backed the development of this plan in Cincinnati. Dr. Franklin H. Martin of the National Council of Defence, is chairman of the National Advisory Medical Committee which is aiding the Social Unit Organization. Associated with him as advisers are the Mayo brothers of Rochester; Dr. Walter James, president of the New York Academy of Medicine; Dr. William C. Welch of Johns-Hopkins, and others.

When there shall be, as there must be, a shortage of physicians and surgeons, such an institution will prove most useful, because it will take up a lot of waste motion in practice. It will concentrate service and facilitate the diagnosis and treatment of ailments. The poor people to-day are increasingly unable to get treatment that is up to date. It is no uncommon thing for a sick person to go to a doctor nowadays and find out after examination that he has to go to another, thence to another and so on. Ideally whenever a sick person goes to a doctor the person should be given a thorough examination of all his organs by men competent for such work. Thus many diseases would be discovered in their incipiency and checked. Doctors should be so well paid that they could afford to specialize. They should be paid by some such arrangement as the Social Unit Organization, or they should be paid by the state. If such provision were made the poor would not be forced to patronize quacks and fakirs. That would reduce the high cost of illness. Doctors

would not be forced to competition for business. They would not try to hold patients until their money gives out. They would not indulge in fee-splitting. They would have a steady income and they would be enabled to exact large fees in cases the nature of which and the resources of well-to-do patients would justify. I don't know how far the Social Unit Organization is going in this direction just now, but to just such organized medicine we must surely come. To be sure medicine organized by physicians would tend to become a sort of class institution, more for the benefit of the organizers than for the public, and for this reason the state should take charge of the organization. The poor should have the best physicians and surgeons, and those practitioners should not be required to work for nothing. It is the duty of the state to make healthy citizens. The physical energies of the citizen should be conserved in the interest of the better organization of all the activities of the community. In that very excellent book "The Great News," the author, Charles Ferguson, pleads with a luxurious elegance and eloquence for the enlistment in politico-social affairs of the genius of Big Business. Walter Lippman, in his book "Drift and Mastery," points out the anomaly and absurdity that the kind of genius supremely developed in this country, namely business genius, has never been co-ordinated with government but has been driven into antagonism thereto. Gerard Stanley Lee, the voluminous sage of Mount Tom in Massachusetts, has pleaded that this country discover another use for its millionaires than as objects of persecution. You will find the idea elaborated in his books "Inspired Millionaires," "Crowds" and "We." Mr. Ferguson, who comes from Kansas City, has developed fascinatingly the theory that we can organize all our activities as Germany has organized hers but without the vice of autocratic direction. We can use the men who create our trusts instead of letting them boss us. There is no reason why this theory cannot be applied in the case of the doctors and surgeons; yes, and even to the lawyers, as Mr. Percy Werner of St. Louis has suggested in the substitution of arbitration for litigation. We hear complaint now about organized medicine. It is made by faddists who want to throw all physics to the dogs and to cure by incantation, necromancy and a strange mixture of mysticism and materialism. The complaint were not so loud if medicine had not fallen from its high estate by reason of the struggle for existence among practitioners. There can be no doubt that many physicians treat people for the money they have, not for the diseases they have. There is no doubt that much life is lost because people who are ill cannot afford to be examined as they should be examined. Take the matter of syphilis. Many of its victims go uncured because they cannot afford the number of salvarsan treatments they should have. Physicians are agitating for the government's taking over the supply of that drug and doling it out so that there will be enough of it to go around among those who need it. The government, national, state and municipal, should take a cue from the social unit organization and mobilize an army of health. There should be a force to keep the health, as we have one to keep the peace. There should be heavy appropriation for medical education, and there should be funds also to pay a physician a minimum fee for every person he treats if those persons cannot themselves afford to pay. If we have a three years' war, such as the administration is preparing for, the shortage of doctors will be distressing. The health of communities will have to be taken care of by some such system as the Social Unit Organization. This government can develop the idea until we have such a system of state medicine as they have in Germany. The idea is that, as Mr. Ferguson says, in "The Great News" (Mitchell Kennerley, New York) we should organize and socialize such things as business, medicine, etc., in a way to have them self-governing, the government clearing the way for such self-control. Organized medicine must be democratic, as business generally must be democratized into co-operation as distinguished from consolidation.

## REEDY'S MIRROR

Mr. Ferguson's "The Great News" doesn't say a word about medicine but his demonstration as to business applies perfectly to medicine.

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### *A Champion of Free Speech*

ONE of the outstanding personalities in New York city at this time is Mr. Harry Weinberger. He is a lawyer. He is one of the new lights among the Jewish intellectuals and reformers. A young, dark, nervous, passionate man whose voice has a curious vibrancy. Fame has come to him because he has taken upon himself the task of defending the cause of free speech. He has been at this now for some years. In New York people are not allowed to let off oratorical steam as they are in other places. Any street corner orator is liable to be "pinched" by the police if he cannot show a permit to speak. So too anyone distributing dodgers or pamphlets of a disturbing tendency is likely to be arrested. A man was arrested the other day for circulating dodgers containing extracts from the Declaration of Independence. It is said a man was arrested for reciting the Lord's Prayer. The court has released the man who distributed the Declaration. Recently a society has been formed to defend persons arrested for too free speech. Just when a speech is too free, or what kind of speech is too free, depends upon the opinion of the judge who passes on the case of the man before him, but any policeman can arrest you if he doesn't like what you are saying from a soap-box or a cart-tail. Harry Weinberger is counsel for the free speech defence bureau. Latterly he has been busy because the authorities have been so active in arresting agitators against the war and the draft. His performances as a lawyer and as an advocate have won the admiration of many super-respectable lawyers who couldn't think of themselves as appearing for the kind of clients Weinberger defends. It was he who defended Emma Goldman and Alexander Berkman. His defence didn't "go." His clients were "sent up," but he has appealed their case and supreme court justice Brandeis has granted the appeal, which permits of their release upon bond. Plutocratic New York sneers at Justice Brandeis: "What could you expect? Brandeis is wholly a Jew and half an anarchist." But plutocratic and parasitic New York doesn't see that the granting to Emma Goldman and Alexander Berkman of all their rights according to the minutest technicality is the best refutation of the tenets of those persons. Harry Weinberger uses every technicality of the law in favor of these folk who repudiate all law. He is so pertinacious that the courts sometimes regard him as pernicious. He is not an anarchist: he's only a single taxer. He is not a pacifist nor a pro-German. In fact throughout all the war he has been pro-Ally. But he is in favor of free speech and free press and after talking it all day in court he goes around town at night talking it with fiery vigor. This is the more striking performance when you realize that the people Weinberger defends are the most unpopular people in the metropolis. For my part it seems that most of the convictions of the free speechers are based upon a perversion of the law. It is not a crime to talk against a law, to denounce it as unjust. It is a crime to violate the law itself. It is not a crime to say that the conscription law is unconstitutional and should be contested. It would be a crime to participate in a riot against conscription. I think it probable that the conviction of Emma Goldman and Alexander Berkman will be set aside after a rehearing. Berkman is a curious fellow. He is quite an intellectual, though not so much so as Emma Goldman. He is opposed to war as organized murder. But twenty years ago he tried to murder A. C. Frick and went to prison for it. His story of his prison life is a most interesting book though it touches upon phases of the conduct of convicts that trench upon the limit of the perverse and obscene. I see he has now been convicted as party to the bomb murder in San Francisco on the day of the preparedness parade, on the strength of evidence found by the authorities in a raid upon the office of Emma Goldman's magazine *Mother Earth*. Lawyer Weinberger gets little sympathy in defending such people,

but he gets a lot of celebrity and in his own profession a reputation for knowing law and procedure. He does not make a nuisance of himself, for all his insuppressibility. He is a pleasant young man socially and not a monomaniac.

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### *The Post Office Censorship*

SPEAKING of free speech there are curious angles to the campaign against the radical press. For instance, a little pacifist-suffragist paper is denied the use of the mail for its anti-draft declarations, but the New York *Daily Call* has reprinted everything for which the little suffragist paper was suppressed and the authorities have taken no action against it. The *American Socialist* is suppressed but Frank Harris thunders in *Pearson's* against the administration and no one acts against him. That man Harris is a marvel. He must be over sixty but he has the ebullience of a boy. He writes almost the whole magazine. The writing isn't the Harris of "The Man Shakespeare" or "Montes, the Matador," but it is super-journalism *in excelsis*. Harris is the best talker since Oscar Wilde. He is in some kind of trouble in the courts now, but not for seditious utterances. His immunity is surprising when you think that Max Eastman's paper *The Masses* was barred from the mails because of its general tone of opposition to the war—although now admitted under an injunction order of Judge Hand. A paper down in Texas, at Huntsville, I believe, called *The Rebel*, and a St. Louis paper, *Labor*, are on the list of fourteen papers that the post office will not receive. Now all these papers are exasperating in their superiority to the rest of the people. They are maddening in their use of the phraseology of American liberty to further the ends of Germany. Their pacifism is mere egotistic selfishness at best. The only thing that makes *The Masses* tolerable is its free art and its good English. All the rest of it is merely a case of the *idee fixe*. But the fact behind the papers and the personalities dominating them that is most important is that the suppression of the sheets is irresponsibly whimsical and in a way clandestine. Any postmaster who doesn't like anything in the papers can shut it out of the mails. He can bar it because he doesn't like a picture or an editorial or an advertisement. The owner has no recourse whatever. Denying the mails to a paper destroys its value utterly. The paper as property is confiscated without due process of law, and there is a constitutional provision prohibiting such confiscation. The owner or the editor has no day in court. He is not heard. The bureaucrats pay no attention to him. He can hire a lawyer who must go to Washington and wait around until he is called, and then he gets no satisfaction. The postmaster is prosecutor, judge, jury and executioner. The post office department is not a court, but it exercises a court's powers. That this power is exercised against papers that have little money and few readers may excuse its exercise to the minds of some people, but if the power can be exercised against the small publications it can be exercised against the great ones. I remember what a protest went up when President Roosevelt had Joseph Pulitzer indicted in Washington for editorial denunciation of the job in the purchase of the Panama canal and proposed to hale him to Washington for trial for a publication in New York. All the big papers were up in arms. The courts saved Mr. Pulitzer, but the editors of the anti-war and anti-draft publications to-day cannot even get their cases into court. If we are to have a censorship it should not be exercised in the dark and by men with no judicial authority. A court, not a postmaster, should pass on the mailability of printed matter. Most of the men whose writings and publications are suppressed are personal friends of mine. Their views are not mine. The more I think of the men the more detestable I find their arguments, but it would not be quite fair if I were postmaster and should bar the papers from the mails simply because their views are detestable to me. The terrorization of the press is dangerous and it is idiotic. Ideas cannot be suppressed, however uncomfortable they may make most of us feel. And a thing we must

always remember is that if we have not freedom of speech and press, with, of course, responsibility for its abuse, we can have no freedom at all. I don't want to see Frank Harris or George Sylvester Viereck or Max Eastman in jail for writing things I don't believe in, no matter how clearly I perceive that they speak in the voice American while the hand is the hand of Germany. There will be occasion for many papers to criticise this country's conduct of the war. If criticism be suppressed we may lose the war. And how absurd it is to suppress a paper for printing things which senators and congressmen are permitted to say in debates and to have printed for free distribution in the *Congressional Record*!

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### *Aid for Munition Makers*

I MET a munition maker coming out of a bank on Fifth avenue, looking glum. He had tried to borrow \$400,000 to carry on his munition making, and was refused. The bank had no money. Funds were depleted by the investments of their depositors in the liberty loan and subscription to the Red Cross. Mr. Munitionman told me later though that a bill would be introduced in congress shortly to enable the treasury or the departments to advance money against contracts for supplies. I had not heard of that before, but I am assured the thing is coming. The manufacturers are to be helped by the government. I wonder if some such help cannot be extended to the railroads, so badly in need of money for equipment and extension. The railroads are saving a good deal of money and making a good deal of money, but they have a lot of losses to make good. They are tiding over these times by means of short term notes and certificates. How long they can continue to do this is problematical. If we are to have a three years' war there will be more government bond issues at better interest and that will take up a lot of capital the railroads need. The railroads have been "wicked" in the past but they are "good" now, and they need encouragement and help. We must not forget that without the railroads in good condition all our preparation for and participation in the war may come to disaster. The railroads are as much entitled to government aid as the shell and fuse, the khaki and shoemakers. The melancholy munition-maker whom I met coming out of the Fifth avenue bank told me that since the beginning of the war he had made only about \$5,000,000. Another worry he had was over what he was going to do with his plant if the war came to an end. I offered to bet him that the munition-makers in Germany had arranged to do something with their plants after the war.

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### *Tammany Trying to Turn a Trick*

TAMMANY hall is trying to get into the New York mayoralty fight, and win back the city. To do this it must have the support of certain Republicans. There are always Republicans who are willing to help Tammany. There are always Republicans who can get favors when Tammany is in control. Therefore if those Republicans can be induced to oppose fusion with the Democrats who support Mayor Mitchel for renomination, and will put up a regular Republican candidate for mayor, a lot of Republican votes will be diverted from support of Mitchel. A good judge named Cropsey is now being urged to run as a straight Republican, repudiating fusion and Mitchel. There is some support for this straight Republican movement, though possibly not enough to make it win. For the full power of Governor Whitman of New York is in favor of Mitchel. Whitman is said to control the Republican party of New York as absolutely as ever Tom Platt, "the easy boss," ever controlled it. Whitman does not want to develop any potent personalities in his party in the state. They might make trouble for him when he becomes, as he will, a candidate for the presidential nomination. Therefore Mr. Cropsey is likely to be a croppie as a mayoralty possibility. Still, he is in the gossip at least. He could not possibly win the election even if nominated, but he might help Tammany to win. If Cropsey should run then Tam-

many could put up a man. This would, it is thought, prevent the election of Mitchel. With the socialist Hillquit in the race and Tammany too drawing support from Mitchel, he couldn't win. The Tammany candidate might win. But Tammany hasn't been able as yet to find a candidate for the primaries. Leader Murphy has not been able to secure a willing agent. A man named John Galvin, whom nobody knows, has been "mentioned." Now and then there is talk of nominating Hearst as an independent. Hearst wants to defeat Mitchel but will not run himself. The prospects of Tammany "sneaking in" a mayor are not very good. Still there's a month before the need of action will be imperative. In that time the strength of the opposition to Mitchel can be estimated. If it looks big enough the Tammanyites, Democratic and Republican, will get into the game with candidates and land the big prize, possibly.

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*The Woes of the Publisher*

I MET Ben Huebsch, the publisher of more or less radical books. It is Huebsch who has been trying to educate clerks in book-stores so they can sell books intelligently. Seemingly he has given it up. Clerks can't sell books because to sell books intelligently the seller should read them. Clerks are not permitted to read books in the stores. If they are found taking a book out of the store they are disciplined. Besides, nobody can read all the books, or even the "blurbs" on all the books. So B. W. Huebsch is discouraged. Said he to me: "I think publishers should charge higher prices for books, in spite of the MIRROR's agitation for lower prices. Nobody much buys books, but if the publisher raises the prices it has the happy effect of making him think his stock is worth more. I think the proper basis of price should be weight plus a fair increase for cover design, attractiveness of jacket, etc. It would be a good idea to make books more useful. We might add more blank leaves, fore and aft, to be used for memoranda, or curl-papers or such. Or we might print pages of jokes at front and back, Ford jokes, jokes from the 'Follies.' We might print some advertisements of toilet articles. It has also occurred to me that one might give an accident policy with every book published, providing that the proof of injury or death would have to show that the book itself was not responsible." Though Mr. Huebsch is so gloomy I see that the publishers are all putting out long lists of books. Somebody must buy them. I don't see why publishers continue to publish books that don't sell. But that observation was answered with the assertion that the publishers just gamble. They publish and publish and publish in the hope that some day they will strike a book that will catch the public and make a fortune. Publishing is mainly gambling. Every publisher gets a little winner now and then—just enough of a big seller to keep him hoping for a bigger one. It's like the racing fiend who plays the ponies year after year in the hope of pulling down a big winning upon a thousand-to-one shot. Why then do not the publishers combine to cut out waste, print fewer books and get better prices? Because publishers can't combine. Only a little while ago a lot of them got together to listen to a proposal that they sell books to the government for the soldiers and for use in all branches of official activity at a certain agreed price. The big publishers wouldn't do it. They would not reveal the cost price of their books. They wanted to know what books were needed, how many and all that. Smaller publishers were willing to supply books at cost plus a fair profit, but they were not the publishers who issued the kind of books the government wanted. So the publishers go on losing money—to hear them tell it. The most successful publishers are those who sell school and college text-books. Those books are staple intellectual groceries. Now there is a falling off in the attendance at the colleges and fewer books will be sold. "Retrenchment" is to be the publishers' slogan for a time. The book men have every excuse—high cost of paper, high cost of labor, poor sales. But the gambling spirit does not die easily. The publisher will continue to hope that every manuscript

he accepts will prove to be another "David Harum" or "Richard Carvel."

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*A Crisis in Education*

I MENTIONED the fact that there is a big falling off in the enrollment of students in colleges and universities. At some universities there will be more professors than students next fall. The draft will take many youths. Thousands of them have volunteered. Boards of trustees are having troublous meetings. Tuition receipts have slumped or will slump egregiously. There won't be many bequests for education for some time. War taxes will take a great deal of the money that might otherwise be given by wealthy men for this purpose. Colleges and universities have none too much money at best. The cost of equipment increases all the time and the multiplication of laboratory work has meant a large expenditure for appliances. College presidents are in for a hard time. Their principal business of late years has been the raising of money, jollying millionaires for bequests. The heads of institutions controlled by states have to handle legislators and political leaders. With the expense of government increasing, legislators tend to reducing educational appropriations, which don't get jobs for "the boys." And the plight of college professors is not pleasant. Many of them will be let out and many more will have to accept reduced pay, because of fewer pupils and classes and less money. Professors are not bounteously paid in the best times. They will be brought down to the starvation margin if the war lasts for three years. With such a prospect the wonder is that more of them are not pacifists to a finish. When we think that if this condition is to be unchanged there must be grave danger that both the extent and the intensification of education must be reduced, we realize that something should be done by the government to keep education going. Knowledge must not be sacrificed to war. The rising up of an uneducated generation must be prevented. The need of the country in this regard will be greater, not less. After the war there will be a demand for more intelligence and efficiency. The colleges and universities must be kept filled. Moreover, precautions must be taken to keep the public school system in even better operation than before the war. There must not be such an increase in juvenile delinquency as has been reported from England. Education must be more compulsory. Children must be kept off the streets and out of the factories so far as possible. The nation's educational system and resources must be organized and mobilized like its armies and its industries.

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*Gotham Garbles the Rent Problem*

IN New York, as elsewhere, rents are soaring. The chief reason for this, though there are others, is the high cost of building materials. There are not houses enough to go around. The number of flats erected in greater New York has fallen to half that of a year ago. House-owners can squeeze tenants of course, but there is a limit even to that. There may be a rent-strike. More rent, with higher prices for food and fuel and clothes can only mean widespread distress. The real estate organizations of the greater city had a meeting the other day to consider the situation. They decided that more homes must be built in the outlying sections. They will attempt to finance such building on a large scale. Building associations operating in conjunction with the land bank cannot handle the situation. The decrease in the purchasing power of money prevents the mechanic from making the heavy monthly payments now required. An attempt will be made to lengthen the period of amortization from twenty to fifty years and to reduce the interest. The people who pay rent are paying heavily for the war. The land and homeowners do not pay in proportion. The proposition of keeping down rents by putting up houses is a logical one, but if people won't build because building costs too much, how is the desired end to be accomplished? None of the realty boards of greater New York has hit upon the way to do this. The best means of promoting building operations is to tax the rent out of land,

especially out of unused land. That would force the land into use. Gotham's real estate men have a lot of land to sell at advancing prices. They advertise the house shortage to boost prices of land. They don't point out how the workingman is to save money to buy land, with living as expensive as at present. And they do not explain the chief point of the situation, that the high price of land is an obstacle to the poor man's purchasing. The price of land must be brought down. It can be taxed down. Taxed down land would be easier to procure. And the way to promote increase of building is to take the taxes off buildings. So that the long rigmarole of a realty broker like Maximilian Morgenthau, Jr., former president of the Real Estate Association of the state of New York and chairman of its executive committee, in last Sunday's *World*, that touches upon every thing but the one thing that will meet the situation, is funny in its emptiness. Everything that Morgenthau advocates helps to put all the burden on others than land-owners.

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*A Talk About Movies*

THE movie magnate bought me a dollar cigar and took me for a ride in his \$15,000 car. I thought that he was going to tell me that all was well with him. But he didn't. He and his kind are up against it. Several of the big film corporations are on the rocks or drifting there. What's the trouble? The trouble is that the people have expected more of the movie than it can deliver. And then the movie men hadn't thought out the business. The success came upon them too suddenly. Said my movie man, "We've got to give up all this Münsterberg and Vachel Lindsay stuff about the movie. It's never going to be an art form. The big production at \$2 and \$2.50 a seat is *ausgespielt*. No more of those long stories running along night after night for weeks and weeks either. You see that there aren't any going nowadays. We had to drop 'em. Even running them serially in the papers and synchronously with the film presentations couldn't keep the popular interest whipped up. No sir; the movie's future is not as an art form. It is simply a form of amusement. We have got to keep the stories short. They must be stories like the best-sellers—Gene Stratton Porter, Harold Bell Wright and some better and worse authors. They must not be too long, must not take a whole evening. The movie fan must be able to drop into a show any time and get a complete piece. He must not feel that he has to appear at 7 p. m. and stick it out until 9 p. m. to get something. He must be able to drop into two or three shows of an evening and get a complete story at each. Of course the salaries of movie stars have to be cut, though those salaries are mostly works of the imagination. Some of them will continue to draw big pay—Charlie Chaplin, Mae Marsh, Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, Theda Bara—but we are developing new ones fast and the supply will catch up with the demand. The film corporations will have to consolidate more closely. Business is business. Film companies cannot longer be run loosely. Any old thing won't bring in the money as of yore. Careful management is necessary. A number of film corporation companies are now in the hands of business doctors, getting straightened out. And all of them have to specialize in getting material so that their names will be as sure guarantees of good shows as any of our great trade-marks. There may be startling inventions in film-making, but the fact is that the crowds now know every photo trick. The wonders are mysteries no more. The veriest boob knows how the picture is made showing an automobile and its passengers falling over a precipice. Maybe there will come an invention which will do away with the division of attention between pictures and their printed explanations, but until it comes we shall have to continue to make our appeal as nearly as possible to the picture itself. I don't believe we can mix the sight sense and the sound sense successfully in the movie. And then you must not think of the movie as only a 'show.' The great future of the moving picture is along educational lines, showing people how to do things, making

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them see a thing in the doing rather than making them listen to someone telling how the thing is done." The movie magnate who spoke is shaping up a great film corporation in accordance with the ideas he expressed. He smokes dollar cigars and rides in a \$15,000 car to enable himself to think. Chiefly he is thinking about how to get the movie into every school room in the land, teaching everything from geography to bacteriology. "For," said he, "there's no use talking about the man-made stories. The story of creation, as the movie can show it, with creative evolution in operation under our eyes, beats them all. Don't let's worry too much about the movies as an art form. Art is all right, but life is greater. And the movie must serve life." Which is a pretty good talk from a movie magnate in a \$15,000 car.

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### *The Fame of Mr. Malone*

LITTLE old New York has a new hero, or an old one made over, in Dudley Field Malone. He is Collector of the Port, and only thirty-seven years old. He is the son-in-law of former United States Senator O'Gorman, and he has some gift of gab. Though Senator O'Gorman was not tractable in the hands of President Wilson, the son-in-law has been a favorite with the chief executive. New York has appeared at times to make light of Mr. Malone and his utterances and performances. He likes to hear himself talk and to see himself perform, but he has done some good work, notably in revising standards in the consular service. He was rather active too in dealing with the interned German ships and in looking after the plots for the destruction of munitions vessels in the early stages of the war. He can make an after-dinner speech at a minute's notice and he's always likely to say something to make his hearers sit up and do some thinking. Most recent of his performances was his championship of the arrested, convicted and imprisoned woman suffragists at Washington. He went to the capital from New York to defend them. He went before the President in the White House and made a fiery plea for the release of the women. The women expected to be sentenced to prison for a few days. They had not bargained for sixty-day sentences. Likewise they expected more considerate treatment than they received in prison. Mr. Malone told the President that the treatment of the women was outrageous and besides it was bad policy at a time when this country was fighting to "make the world safe for democracy." The New York newspapers said that Mr. Malone threatened to resign his New York job if the women were not pardoned, but that would have been a foolish thing to do. What he did was to make the President see that it was not the proper thing to punish the women so severely for what was, after all, a political offense. The President pardoned the prisoners and Mr. Malone went back to New York in triumph. Political gossips announced that President Wilson had been so stirred by Mr. Malone's plea that he would at once urge congress to pass a resolution for a woman suffrage amendment to the constitution, but there is nothing in the story. The President favors suffrage, but he wants it to come by way of the states. The matter would have to go to the states even if congress should pass the resolution. The women will not be given the ballot as a war measure. The President doesn't want any more disturbing war-measures on his hands than he now has. Mr. Malone is not advocating a war-measure suffrage movement. He is content that he has brought the cause to public attention in effective fashion from the standpoint of the Democratic politician. Malone is a friend of Mayor Mitchel and figures that his helping the suffragists will help re-elect Mitchel mayor of New York. To my mind the strange thing in all this is that Malone should be a suffragist at all. We don't look for suffragists among graduates of Fordham college or St. Xavier's academies. There are few suffragists with Hibernian names or of Roman Catholic training. Not that the church as a church opposes woman suffrage, for it does not, but churchmen generally are against it. On the woman question their limit is the sugary generalities of toasts to "The Ladies" at banquets of The Friendly Sons of St. Patrick. A man in

Democratic politics in New York city who favors votes for women, and a man with Malone's general racial, creedal and political background, is almost an ideal hero. The appearance of such a man out of such an environment indicates the tremendous advance that has been made and is being made by the movement.

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## Ballade of the Last Straw

By William Trowbridge Larned

Patience Worth has already dictated to the ouija board 20,000 words of a new romance—following the publication of her 440,000-word novel, "The Sorry Tale."—Literary Note.

**B**ROTHERS, whose toil tricks out your sorry tale,

Weavers of thought in multi-patterned scheme: Rise from your revels!—cloying cakes and ale.

Seldomer still are things just what they seem;

The literary milk is minus cream.

Twelve hours a day—nor four—your stint shall be;

Who writes with ouija board upon her knee,

Royal her road, betrod by kings and dukes.

Behold in Patience Worth—the super-She—

*Our bread and butter swiped by lady spooks!*

Against the classic authors ye prevail—

Their candle casts no longer such a beam:

Austen's unread, and Thackeray's turned stale;

Few who withstand the "modern" mode and theme.

Even against the amateurs who teem

In bush and by-way fortified are ye.

But heaven save our poor posterity

From all such fearsome psychologic flukes

As that no seer could possibly foresee:

*Our bread and butter swiped by lady spooks!*

Poor driven drudge, creating by the bale,

Whose pen once paused when he had writ a ream!

What earthly author would not quake and quail—

Whether he go a-following the gleam,

Or urge his elbow to "success de steam"—

Sole man-power of a fiction factory.

The gods seem deaf for all his dolorous plea;

Instead, their skies shed curious things *de luxe*,

Signed "Patience Worth."—Hence take the hint from

me:

*Our bread and butter swiped by lady spooks!*

ENVOI.

Princes, whose plot is held in simple fee,

You cannot guess the aches and agony,

The pangs of parturition. Else; gadzooks!

So might you feel, if you were only we,

The perils of this new psychology:

*Our bread and butter swiped by lady spooks!*

❖❖❖

## Balance of Powers or Natural Alliances?

By Percy Werner

"The English-Speaking Peoples," by George Louis Beer. Macmillan Co., \$1.50.

**L**ITTLE did those who heard President Wilson's memorable words at the banquet which marked the close of the first congress held in Washington to consider the proposals of The League to Enforce Peace, words which everyone who heard them felt were epochal, words which seemed to cause some cord which bound us to the past suddenly to snap, little did those people appreciate the course which our great ship of state was thereafter to take. As little perhaps did most of us foresee the reaction of the free peoples of the earth to what they regarded as an effort to impose upon them a culture which, however splendid, was not their own. Comes now George Louis Beer and in his book, "The English-Speaking Peoples," points to a result which he shows has had many foreshadowings, to-wit, the coming together in most intimate, friendly co-operation the English-speaking nations of the world, not merely for the maintenance of peace but also for the establishment of right and justice and to assist politically backward peoples. Doubtless some political machinery,

something in the way of a supernational constitution, will be constructed, and the aim of The League to Enforce Peace to secure the submission of all disputes between nations either to a Judicial Court, to hear questions which are justiciable, or to a Council of Conciliation, to hear questions political in their character, will some day be realized. But Mr. Beer makes it clear that there is a natural tendency for peoples speaking the same language, who are culturally akin, who have the same political institutions and ideals, and who recognize their economic interdependence to come together in a natural alliance. That the old idea that the peace of the world can be secured by an artificial balancing of powers is doomed beyond recall, no student of current affairs can doubt. Since the concert of Europe has given way to international anarchy, equally obvious is it that the old idea of a sovereign state is bound to disappear, and with it the idea that any political state can any longer remain isolated and free from protecting alliances. We have seen our own attempted neutrality and aloofness disappear. It has taken centuries to discover the laws of national life. That nations, like individuals, can only attain to their destinies when left in freedom to form natural, co-operative alliances, not alone for common defense and to make secure the right to develop each according to its own genius unhampered by outside interference, but to promote common interests and ends, the reading of Mr. Beer's book makes clear. That the war has had a profound effect on the British constitution is evident. Before the war no British citizen of any of the dominions had any control over the foreign policies of Great Britain. These were settled alone by the citizens of the British isles. Since the war, conferences have been held in London to which for the first time in the discussion of international affairs have been invited representatives from all the dominions of Great Britain. Indeed, the very use of the word "dominions" instead of "colonies," as they were long officially known, indicates a new status of the self-governing democracies that are bound together by natural ties in what is now becoming known as the British "commonwealth" rather than as the British "empire." And one of the problems which the United States has before it is whether all the old animosities and rivalries between it and its mother country can be made to disappear forever, and she can again naturally and spontaneously co-operate with the other English-speaking democracies—England, Canada, Newfoundland, Australia, New Zealand and South Africa—as one of a group of "sister nations." Mr. Beer's book, which considers the future relations and joint international obligations of the English-speaking peoples, I regard as one of the most significant of post-war publications. I feel especially like urging on all who have become actively interested in or identified with the movement for The League to Enforce Peace to read Professor Beer's work. International law has its substantive as well as adjective side. The adjective or procedural is more or less a series of expedients and devices. The substantive is a natural growth. Mr. Beer's book is a great contribution towards the study of the growth of substantive international law. That a further step lies beyond anything that Mr. Beer considers, based on the community of interest of a common brotherhood in all nations, does not invalidate any of the propositions for which he does contend.

❖❖❖

## Hotel Linden

By Harry B. Kennon

**I** REMEMBER that one of my first impressions of New York was that people there ate all of the time—never stopped feeding. Boston, Chicago and New Orleans made a like first impression. Indeed last impressions of New Orleans are as the first, for nowhere have I fed so well, or in jollier company. But these are memories of salad days, of bottles, birds and warblers, long before food conservation had been thought of, or the hoovers began hooving. By the way, hooving is becoming quite

the thing in polite circles. The wife of a certain food baron whose barony recently declared a reported dividend of several hundred per cent, gave a hoover luncheon the other day to eleven of her fashionable compatriots. She provided a relish, an entree, sandwiches, salad with cheese, dessert, coffee and sugar mints for twelve at an outlay of \$2.85, and proved her hooverism in black and white. Every fair disciple declared she had lunched beautifully and bountifully and all marveled at this miracle of patriotism. A little bird told me about the luncheon; but when I was about to ask him how many baskets of fragments were gathered up, he flew away.

Probably to the Hotel Linden where the menu must be something superb, for the numerous guests never tire of feeding. Not a hooverite in the bunch; and I have actually known them to sing when the bills got in. And such guests! Sometimes hundreds in a day, transient for the most, and all tremendously engaging. I tell you things are always doing at the Linden, though it has no bar, as befits the prohibition district it adorns. Yet, I have seen guests there show signs of intoxication—possibly auto, and on one occasion their carousals kept me awake the greater part of a night. Hardly closed my peepers.

Peeping Tom, I suppose, was a most disreputable person, and what business could be more reprehensible than watching one's neighbors? Still, if you could look out of your window straight into the reaches of a great hotel alive with gay guests—what would you do about it? I'll wager you'd watch—any amount you please—and then raise the wager that, at times, you'd watch breathlessly.

All winter long the blinds of Hotel Linden have been rolled up, only protective brown covers showing; the corridors have been pretty bare. Only can't-get-away, or won't-go-away sparrows used the resort, whether as busy cleaners-up or feeders on crumbs from last season's table, I don't know. But they are a cheerful, chatty lot, not without family affairs of interest; they have prevented the hotel from looking deserted, and I have been glad of their company. Watching a sparrow bugging about on a devastating winter day puts discouragement to the bad. . . . Then I smelled spring, just smelled it; for this spring has been a long, cold, no-spring up in my lake country, and the green blinds of Hotel Linden slow to be lowered. But they did begin to lower, and I knew what would happen. Then, too, the undrawn blinds gave me the best chance ever to spy upon the doings of the gay tourists from the south.

First to come were a bunch of mottled buntings. Don't think they cared much for the Linden, probably knew of better quarters farther north; at any rate, they declined to linger. Then the hotel entertained a convention of blackbirds, gentlemanly, almost clerical-looking fellows, who fed on the lawn, mainly, and made a great fuss about it. Among them were a few red-wing sports who played the devil generally. Possibly they were seminary students on the loose. Anyhow, their carryings on were something scandalous. Then in a flash of metallic azure came helmeted jays. Scarlet-capped woodpeckers began tapping at closed pantry doors. Robins whistled love snatches. Bluebirds exchanged congratulations over the hotel lay-out. The 1917 season was on—full blast.

I noticed that most of the staying guests took lodgings at Hotel Elm or the Maple House, but all took meals at the Linden. The transients sometimes made but a day's stay of it, sometimes two or three, rarely longer. When they geared up their flying machines and made their get-away, I never knew. They were on again—off again—gone again, Finnegans. No human could keep track of them. And yet the Linden is very human—not unlike the Congress or the Waldorf-Astoria.

One morning I heard a little, low, satisfied gurgle. I knew that the warblers had put up at the Linden; jumped out of bed to see about it. Nary a warbler. Suddenly, however, something moved swiftly, like a big spider, close, close to the bark, a black and white striped Tiny Tim gurgling as he fed. Came

then quaker chaps, black-hatted, with white, satin-lined swallow-tail coats; the yellow-breasted fellows with russet caps and capes; the fresh-from-the-mint golden boys; and crested dandies, any color you like, so pied they were of all colors. What a happy, peaceful, song-laden feast the tiny folks made of their stay—until those Huns of the air, the jays, swooped down and routed them, piercing the pretty heads with their murderous beaks feeding upon warblers' brains. Within the hour no warblers remained but dead warblers. Yes, yes, Hotel Linden is very human—intensely human.

That night I heard the call of a catbird and, later, oh glorious! Brignoli—Campanini—Jean de Reske—Caruso—Muratore—Constantino, mocking birds from home, rarest of guests at the lake shore Linden. What a night of memories and music! A moon, of course. In the morning not a mocking bird in sight. Guests of a night they were, with concert engagements elsewhere. Why they chose the Linden for a one night stand and me for audience, why they did not remain, are all pleasant mysteries. The graceful catbirds stayed over, however, and among the new arrivals were saucy, brown-garbed, sociable wrens.

I thought it would prove a dull day, for it rained and a nasty, chilly wind blew off the lake. I sat at work, my mind thousands of miles away from Hotel Linden, when an unseemly commotion disturbed me. I went to the window to investigate. Two splendid, pink-eyed gulls, with coats of white melting into dove, had been blown in-shore. They stalked majestically about the lawn, paying no attention whatever to their noisy lack of welcome from the other guests, or to the curiosity they excited. The food at the Linden did not interest them, though it was Friday: they preferred their fish fresher. The sun came out, the wind veered, and they sailed off to their marine café. The hotel quieted down—for a minute.

Then a wailing cry as of someone wanting something, and wanting it badly, came from the parlor floor. I looked down and saw a semi-military gentleman of size. He wore a coat of golden-olive khaki, a speckled waistcoat, red tie, cream-colored knickers, yellow puttees and a Tommy Atkins hat set on the back of his head. He appeared bored, and again uttered his wailing raucous cry. Almost immediately an annoying knocking that had been going on in the roof over my head ceased. There was an olive flash through the air to the Linden, another and another—three lady birds came at the gentleman's call. And the way those three disgraces bade for that cock flickers bed and board was downright outrageous. Really the Hotel Linden should have been pulled.

Sunset—and two flames like hibiscus blooms swaying and swinging in the topmost quarters of the Linden; flowers of the air, glory of our northshore bird life, scarlet tanagers, only stopping to dine, and away. After them, for a morning came their commoner yellow cousins—and then russet thrushes, singing lullabies, for a longer stay. Orioles, too, glorified the Linden with their songs and dresses of black and orange. Birds for which I have no names—and two darling little fluffy wood owls that cling close together and say: "Who-e, who-e-e; move over there, move over," in the night. Do you wonder that I play Peeping Tom?

It is late June now, the green blinds of the Linden are all down; I can see nothing of what goes on within. But now and again I hear rustlings behind the blinds that stir my curiosity, for I know that in Hotel Linden life is abundant. I know that love-making goes on there, for I can hear the songs of lovers—and feasting, and merriment. I know that new life is there, for I can hear the hungry cries of nurslings. And I know that there is sorrow, for I hear lamentations. And tragedy—I sometimes bury the dead.

The green blinds will curl up again in the fall, and the transients will be passing through to the southland. Then again I shall see gay doings at Hotel Linden, again see my friends the warblers. . . .

In the meantime, I am loading a gun for those damned jays. I am human too.

## The Old Bookman

CONFESIONS OF LEARNED IGNORANCE

By Horace Flack

### XIX. A MAN TO THANK HEAVEN FOR.

HAVE nothing of the granite in my composition. I am not Vulcanic in my origins but aqueous and sedimentary. And one of my lowest stratas was deposited when I was deluged by Samuel Johnson, LL.D. All the waves and billows of his vast learning began overwhelming me at the age of about ten years. In the first half of the nineteenth century, "complete works," now published in ten volumes in large type, with elegant bindings which stay on until the seller escapes, were published in real leather, in one volume, double column, in type which from some cause now seems to be shrinking to all but microscopic dimensions. Such was my father's copy of the "Complete Works of Samuel Johnson, LL.D., in Prose and Verse," which I read with genuine and unconcealed avidity. With not less genuine but carefully concealed avidity, I was beginning at the same time to form tastes in accordance with the literary standards of the twentieth century. This was represented by a Beadle dime novel in my pocket. As it was on the *index expurgatorius* and subject to immediate confiscation if discovered, avidity for it was indulged in the woods, where I found the same satisfaction from it I now derive from Red Blood American literature. This standard literature of the twentieth century represents a school of art as the founder of which the immortal Beadle has deserved his immortality. I may as well confess, however, that if I do not love it less, I love Beadle more. Probably I belong to the nineteenth century and am left over in the twentieth. In any event, those who discover that I am not sufficiently modern may take it for granted that on the whole the nineteenth century was bad enough for me.

This may be more important to me than to others. Nothing is more important in the world than the man who is good enough for any century. And one of these was that clean-hearted, high-minded, obstinate, rough-spoken, hard-headed, haughty and sweet-souled old Tory, Samuel Johnson, LL.D. He could writhe on his knees for an hour at night in an agony of humble penitence for his sins. Next morning, walking the streets of London, with the soles worn from his shoes, he, who dearly loved a lord, could tower head and shoulders in the majesty of his manhood above any peer of the realm who undertook to frown him down.

As a matter of taste, concerning which only critics will dispute, I prefer his dictionary to his poems. Probably his masterpiece in memorable verse is not his "Irene," but either his lines on the "Man who Turnips Cries," or this:

"In bed we laugh, in bed we cry;  
In bed are born, in bed we die;  
This near approach a bed can show  
Of human bliss to human woe."

Whatever question there is here can be decided in from forty to fifty years. Those who read the complete poems of Samuel Johnson, LL.D., now, may quote what they can from memory forty to fifty years later. Then they will know for themselves the difference between memorable poetry and poetry which is merely literary and majestic.

"Charles," said Coleridge after giving up the pulpit—"Charles, did you ever hear me preach?" And Charles Lamb, who could always stammer when he liked more than he was obliged to, stammered cruelly on the "never," as he answered: "I-n-n-n-never heard you do anything else."

No one ever heard Samuel Johnson, LL.D., do anything but preach in his literary and majestic prose. Literary and majestic prose is the only kind he ever wrote. It corrupted English prose style for a century after him. But what matters the style of a man—a Man—who believes from his soul that he is on the earth to find what the truth is and tell it? When we find a man—a Man—we ought to thank heaven for him—whether he is our kind of man or not. And Samuel Johnson, LL.D., from the crown of his head to the soles of his own feet when his shoes were soleless, was a man—a Man!

## Letters From the People

### The Moat and the Beam

St. Louis, July 20, 1917.

*Editor of Reedy's Mirror:*

Would it be in order to suggest to the daily press of the country that they stop haggling over the embellishments incorporated in the Daniels-Creel letter and divert that energy to editing their papers, that is, presenting actual facts in the fewest possible words? This query is provoked by my morning paper, which devotes half a column to Lord Northcliffe's view of the submarine and states that he "pointed out the very real submarine danger." On the same page a full column is consumed by a letter from an American in France who says among other things that "German faith in the submarine is fast waning." How can one arrive at the truth? Both men quoted ought to know what they are talking about, ought to speak with authority, but if the submarine danger is very real why is the German faith in it fast waning? One might argue that the American is on the ground and is in a position to judge fairly, that Lord Northcliffe as the spokesman of England in America is naturally anxious for America to do all possible to combat the submarine and therefore exaggerates the menace, but if the dailies want to convey such an impression why not say it plainly? Our newspapers are supposed to have superior means for ascertaining the true state of affairs: can't they be prevailed upon in some fashion to pass such knowledge on to their readers in so far as it does not conflict with their much-vaunted voluntary censorship? I for one am tired of reading columns and columns and then knowing less than before I read.

GERALD O'CONNOR.



### The Spirit of War

New York City, July 19, 1917.

*Editor of Reedy's Mirror:*

A recruiting orator attracted my attention the other day in Union Square. He was a good orator of the cart-tail type. He dwelt on the invasion of Belgium, and Huns gone mad with militarism, and making the world safe for democracy. What amazed me was that he left his crowd cold. Not a ripple of enthusiasm stirred it. Evidently the audience didn't hear the eagle scream.

Yesterday I went to the polo grounds to see the Giants wallop their ancient enemy, the Cubs; but an incident more interesting than baseball was provided by the arrival of a detachment of McLean and Gordon Highlanders in their kilts, sent hither from Canada to recruit their British cousins. With bagpipes skirling they marched into the grandstand, these "ladies from hell," as the Germans call them, with dirks stuck into their stockings; and the martial gymnastics of their drummers, the shrill and stirring defiance of their music, roused the immense throng to roars of applause.

Here were the trappings of war, here its pomp and circumstance. Does that explain the fervor of the crowd, and the indifference of the Union Square audi-

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ference and mutual give and take are the rhythm of this human universe, are the music of our social spheres.

Peace and contentment are mine no longer and blessed sleep has fled, because Reedy's and the rest, or 99.44 per cent of the rest are engaged in illustrating the trueness of the above—to-wit: the cantankerosity of man.

There must be something in homeopathy, or so many apparently sane people wouldn't be having it in medicine and the whole civilized (?) world wouldn't now be going in for it in sociology. However, this modern sociological homeopathy isn't of the "high potency" type. Anyway, it's not the old medical high potency of dilution, but a new political concentrated high potency, cleverly combined with up-to-date

inoculation. More logical, perhaps; can't say.

Our modern P. H. D. (Political Homeopathic Doctor) is called in for a bad case of war. No question but it's bad.

Prescription: More war; much more; a good stiff dose.

"Here, doctor, is a sad case of chronic militarism. What would you advise?"

"Sad, sad. Really desperate. Only hope to inoculate the entire neighborhood. Standing armies for all—as promptly as possible, please."

"Doctor, this seems aggravated autocracy of the virulent Prussian type."

"No doubt about it. No time to be lost. We must re-establish democracy by eradicating all symptoms of actual

popular control; never mind names; scientific treatment considers facts."

"There seems to be an epidemic of tyranny, doctor. We fear it may get beyond control."

"Very plain case. Requires energetic treatment. Stop all radical expressions at once; free speech agitators are especially harmful. Peace propaganda must stop; might injure my war patient. Obstreperous papers must be held up in the mail. You'll not be troubled with many; most have had a good jab of liberty anti-toxin and are safe from that infection."

However—as I started out to say—I do appreciate my blessings even if most thoughts revert sadly to what might have been. Grieving as I do for its vanished democracy, I am thankful for the still persistent literary quality of Reedy's, and would here express, if I may, my deep appreciation of the sadly tender, ethereal, unimagined beauty of Marjorie Allen Sieffert's recent poem, "The Immortal." More entrancing far than its ruddy flare is this lambent gleam of the divine fire. Here is genius, if I know it.

MARSHALL E. SMITH.

#### A New American Verb

St. Louis, July 23, 1917.

*Editor of Reedy's Mirror:*

Although I make it a rule never to attempt exegesis in studying the science of language from sacred texts, I find something so striking in the Septuagint Greek version of the opening verses of the fourth chapter of the book of Ecclesiastes, that the clergy of St. Louis may appreciate having their attention called to it at this time, should they wish to preach on this text: "So I returned and considered all the oppressions that are done under the sun, and behold the tears of such as were oppressed and they had no comforter," etc.

The Greek text not only states the fact of this universal oppression of the helpless, but gives its cause as sycophancy. The assertion is made that the helpless are "sycophanted."

As this verb has not heretofore existed in the English language, it may be explained that it seems to mean betrayal by parasites of power, who combine the functions of the informer and procurer.

As is well known, the Book of Ecclesiastes is one of the poetical books of the Bible, and its measure in the Greek is full of power, sadness and beauty. I regret that I am not able to follow the rhythm of the Greek in the following paraphrase, as the Greek is not checked by end-rhyme and the participle "sycophanted" as I use it, changes the rhythm:

#### THE FATE OF THE SYCOPHANTED

Then I turned me again and I thought on  
The shame of the deeds that are done  
By sycophants under the sun.  
Lo, I heard the helpless weep,  
For there is none to help them,—  
none,—  
In a world that is sycophanted,  
Where the sycophant's power is vaunted,  
As Justice lies asleep,  
And there is none to help them,—  
none.

Then I praised the myriads slain;  
Yea, I counted it their gain  
That they are already dead  
And at last their rest have won;  
But best of all, I said,  
Is he who was never born,  
As a prey for the sycophant's scorn,  
And the cruelty under the sun.

Of course a paraphrase is not to be considered a translation, but this does not depart from the spirit of the original. As the Greek denounces those who devote others to death, it has in its rhythm an awful power of indignation which I am not able to convey in English.

WILLIAM VINCENT BYARS.

#### On Street Railways

Milwaukee, Wisc., July 19, 1917.

*Editor of Reedy's Mirror:*

Permit me, as a student of the public utility business down to date, to place before your readers a few facts which may help them to a clearer understanding of the city's pending negotiations with the United Railways.

No intelligent private investor any longer expects to get a penny more than the fair rental value out of money invested in public utility property under state regulation of capital, rates, service, earnings and accounting.

Unless private capital already invested in the street railway service shall be permitted to earn its fair rental value, it will be extremely difficult to induce the investment of more private capital in the system, to provide service extensions keeping pace with city growth.

The city government having neither cash nor credit with which either to buy the existing system or to build a new one, it is evident extensions of the service must be made, if at all, with private capital.

It is therefore self-evident the city government, in any settlement it may make with the United Railways, must permit the company to earn on its fair value a rate sufficient, and on terms sufficiently secure, to attract into the enterprise the millions of new private capital which now are or soon will be needed to pay for service extensions demanded by the public.

The street railway business has in recent years become the "poor relation" of the public utility group. Except under most favorable terms with regard to security of investment and return, that business cannot procure new capital as cheaply as 6 per cent.

With material, labor and other costs in the aggregate more than doubled in ten years, with city growth constantly lengthening the average distance which it must carry passengers for its depreciated nickel, with the percentage of free transfer passengers constantly increasing, and with each year larger regular and special taxes to pay, the street railways of many American cities are headed toward bankruptcy.

This is true not only of street railway systems which have at one time or another attempted to pay dividends on watered stock, but also of those which under state regulation for many years have been denied liberty to do this, and of those which, like United Railways, have voluntarily suspended dividend payments and put all of their earnings above bond interest into property improvements.

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The proof of this statement is in the fact that throughout the country street railway systems, facing a yearly shrinkage of net earnings, have been forced to ask permission to increase their fares, and that a dozen or more of them in the older states have been permitted such increases. It is a question of only a year or two more, if present tendencies continue, when the street railways of St. Louis and other western cities must either be relieved of their excessive special tax burdens, or raise fares, or

charge an extra penny for transfers, or go broke.

The safer an investment of private capital can be made, the cheaper the money can be obtained. St. Louis people can get private capital to supply them with increased street railway service at least cost by giving its investors the best possible assurance of its safety and of its yearly payment of a fair rental return. It is possible that if the St. Louis city government were to find a way to guarantee a regular yearly 6

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per cent return on the fair value of the property, as the city government of Cleveland has done, the needed new capital might even now be obtained at or close to that rate.

A franchise to use public streets for the street railway business no longer contains any possibility of profit for the company obtaining it. The best the company can hope for, under state regulation, is the going rate of interest on its capital permanently invested, plus perhaps one or two per cent as compensation for the risks of the business. The franchise is useful in two ways:

(a) It affords a basis of comparative security on which new private capital can be attracted into the business for the bare rental return which is the best such capital can expect to earn in a state regulated public utility.

(b) It affords the only possible basis upon which a street railway, whether corporate or municipal, can make rates low enough to enable the general public to buy its service.

The current talk about the "great value" of the franchise to the company, or to any utility company under state regulation, is silly. It has no earning value. It cannot be capitalized except as an element of safety helping the com-

pany to get money for the public's service at lowest rates.

The city government has no more moral right to claim a share of the net earnings of a public utility company, additional to its just share of such taxes as are paid by all other forms of business, than it has to claim a share of the net earnings of Famous & Barr, or of the daily newspapers, or of Paddy Green's saloon.

The city's legal right to enforce such a claim upon the street railway business—like its legal right to make street railways pay for paving between their rails years after they quit using mules that once wore out such paving—is a survival from conditions long since vanished.

Any such claim is merely an added tax on street car riders, and on investors in the street railway business. When the enforcement of such a claim deprives street railway passengers of a part of the service to which their fares entitle them, when it deprives investors in the business of the fair commercial return to which they are entitled, and which they must have if new capital is to be attracted for further service extensions, and when it also interferes with the payment of reasonable wages and with reasonable working conditions for the thou-

sands of street railway employes, it is bad government, bad business and bad morals.

The city's legal right to super-tax this particular business has, like *Shylock's*, been judicially established. It is a question, as in the case of *Shylock*, whether that legal right can be enforced without inflicting injuries—to public, investors and employes—grossly disproportionate to its possible benefits.

It is a fair presumption that the great majority of St. Louis folks want good street railway service and more of it, and are willing to pay the fair cost of the labor and capital engaged in supplying it. The fair value of the property being agreed upon or ascertained, public and company ought readily to get together in harmony on that basis. Their agreement will be facilitated if they will require their city government to cease laying upon the street railway service tax levies higher than those which it lays upon all other businesses, and to recognize the facts with regard to franchises.

FRANK PUTNAM.

### Pagliacci

IN FOREST PARK

By Victor Lichtenstein

It is very doubtful whether Leoncavallo himself has even seen his masterpiece given amid surroundings so wonderfully appropriate to the story as was the case on Monday night in the municipal open-air theater in Forest park. As the composer himself has so often told us, the incidents of the play are based upon historical fact, the murder committed by *Canio* actually having taken place near Mont-Alto when the composer was a mere lad, and the incident made such a profound impression upon his childish imagination that it was merely necessary to live over again those thrilling hours in order to call up the fitting musical accompaniment to the story.

It is the easiest thing in the world to find points of resemblance in the works of the modern Italians and Wagner, but if we wish to carry the endless chain back to the original first cause, we shall find that Wagner leaned just as heavily upon his predecessors in the matter of musical methods. I must confess that although I have heard the opera numberless times, I never fail to respond to its homely pathos and to the poignant, almost painful, thrill of its melodies. Leoncavallo has succeeded in taking a bit of actual life and idealizing it for us in the transcendental terms of musical beauty.

The performance was worthy of high praise. First and foremost must be mentioned the conductor, Fulgenzio Guerrieri, whose fiery enthusiasm and comprehensive knowledge of the entire work down to its most insignificant details made possible a telling presentation of the story and its music. He directs without a score. Perhaps this means very little to the average reader. But when we take into consideration the complexity of such a work, with its intricate orchestra, its ever-changing rhythms, its difficult entrances of the singers, and when we realize that the very slightest error on the part of the conductor spells chaos and disaster, we

begin to faintly understand the remarkable achievement of this man. Of course it is just as easy for him to do this without the score as it is for us to read the newspaper, but this fact does not alter its uniqueness. Francesca Peralta repeated her triumph as *Aida* in the performance of *Nedda*, the ill-fated wife of *Canio*. Gifted with a luscious soprano, with dramatic temperament, she lived through the brief happiness and the final terror of the doomed *Columbine*. Lamont, whose voice is pure and sweet, but who must be very careful of his method of singing if he wishes to retain the mellowness of his vocal organs, was equally successful in the role of *Canio*, and *Tonio*, *Silvio* and *Beppe*, sung respectively by Viglione, Silva and Giaccone, brought vividly before us the old Italian comedy of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. Our St. Louis grand opera chorus gave a splendid account of itself, singing and acting like seasoned professionals.

Praise must not be withheld in this connection from the stage director, Agnini, who is largely responsible for the settings and all of the detail which goes to make up a successful production of the dramatic side of the work.

The evening was concluded by a series of Spanish dances which brought to our notice Signor Bonfiglio and Signora Zanini of the Metropolitan Opera House. These two artists gave us a Spanish Bolero, a Tango Argentino, and a Pericon, with a grace and fire simply incomparable. They were ably supported by a ballet corps organized in the city of St. Louis, a company of as charming and graceful and beautiful dancers as it has been our good fortune to see anywhere. This part of the programme was opened by Chabrier's "España" played by the orchestra alone, and not, as the printed programme announced, the intermezzo by Souri, who conducted the music for the dances.

I earnestly advise every St. Louisian to go out to Forest Park this week, once again breathe the pure air of ideal art, and forget for the time being the grave and serious concerns of our every-day life; it will but enrich his soul and make him stronger for the battle.

♦♦♦

A story is told in the national capital of a diminutive young thing, with snow-white furs around her neck, who impatiently waited her turn in the line before the stamp clerk's window. When her turn came she stepped up with a thoughtful air. "Have you any two-cent stamps?" This sweetly. An answer in the affirmative brought this request: "Will you let me see some?" Here the clerk gasped, but he was obliging. Picking up a sheet of the red stamps he laid it before her. A moment of intense thinking. She made her selection. She was blocking progress, but the impatient squirming of those back of her didn't seem to molest the fair purchaser. "I think I'll take three out of this row, please."—*Argonaut*.

♦♦♦

"Bobbie, your face wants washing. Did you look at it in the glass this morning?" "No, mother, but it seemed all right when I felt it."—*New York Sun*.

## The Striker

By Jacob Davis, '19

[This sketch is taken from "The Harvard Advocate." It is boyish, as befits an undergraduate, but it has dramatic force as an episode.]

The room was silent with the oppressive, almost death-like silence of a sick-ward. Around the walls, the many books in the cases retreated into large shadows. Through the drawn shades at the windows only a few gleams from the dim afternoon made their way, struggling with the leaping flames of a large fire.

Here was life and vigor. The flames leaped up and up, and seemed to dart out of the fire place to give light to the room. Now they licked the twisted decoration of the andirons; now they rose higher and threw their dancing light on the books. But as if placed to catch all the cheer, all the warmth and light of the fire, was drawn up a massive leather divan. Heaped with pillows, it seemed ridiculously large for the frail, almost ethereal, little girl propped there. Like lifeless golden threads her tawny curls drooped haphazardly around her waxy features, and lying on the coverlet, her tiny hand seemed pale and cold.

"Marcia," whispered her mother, sitting on the edge of the divan, as she stroked her daughter's cheek, "Marcia, don't you want to wake up?"

The large eyes of the child remained closed and her features lined by pain showed no animation.

"I suppose I'd better let her sleep," thought the mother, "but—What is going to be the end of it all?" and she leaned forward gazing at the fire.

Her husband, as he walked into the room a moment later, found her thus. "Anything wrong, Helen?" he asked anxiously, coming up to his wife.

"Nothing worse than before."

He closed his eyes as if in relief. How often this same fear had crept into his heart; how often he had felt its terrors, till now the hair on his temples was becoming silver and the hollows under his eyes deeper.

For a while the room was quiet except for the heavy breathing of the child and the monotonous tick of the huge mahogany clock on the mantel-piece. Then the father, standing by the fire, looked up.

"What did the doctor report this morning?"

"The same old story, John. We must wait, I suppose, and trust to God. He says Marcia is bearing up well as can be expected, but we can never be sure until the crisis is past."

"If we could only do something. Here Marcia has only a slight fever and that fluctuating pain in the ear—and still we can do nothing; still we must worry."

"There is no use worrying, especially not now. Marcia has been doing much better this week than she has done since she was taken ill. In any case, I don't feel that you ought to neglect your affairs to stay at home when you can do nothing."

"Then do you think that I ought to go to the meeting of the labor union this afternoon?"

"Yes, do go. But you won't be long, will you?"

## OUR AUGUST SALE OF FURS BEGINS MONDAY

You will find it profitable, indeed, to anticipate your needs now.

The signal success of our August Fur Sale in past seasons prompted us to plan this 1917 event on a much broader scale than ever before. Many timely and advantageous purchases consummated several months ago from a number of America's foremost furriers brought us great quantities of high quality fur garments much under the prices that rule to-day. These garments have been fashioned into luxurious coats, rich and exclusive fur sets, as well as individual pieces in a wealth of new and exclusive styles approved for fall and winter, 1917 and 1918 service.

To anticipate your needs during this August Fur Sale means positive savings of 25% or more to you on furs of dependence and correct styling.

Furs purchased during this sale will be placed in our fur vaults free of charge until October 1, or later if desired.

Charge customers may make their selection now and the charge will be entered on October statement, payable in November.

On payment of 20 per cent deposit, we will lay aside any fur garment you may choose; balance payable on October 1.

Details of this Sale will be published in Sunday's papers.

### Famous and Barr Co.

ENTIRE BLOCK: OLIVE, LOCUST, SIXTH AND SEVENTH.

Largest Distributors of Merchandise at Retail in Missouri or the West. | We Give Eagle Stamps and Redeem Full Books for \$2 in Cash or \$2.50 in Merchandise —Few Restricted Articles Excepted.



"No, no. A half-hour at the most. Our headquarters are right around the corner, you know."

John walked to the closet, reached for his hat, and after kissing his wife, left the room. The front door slammed noisily behind him. Helen rose quietly from her position on the couch, picked out a book, and settled herself comfortably in a deep-cushioned armchair. Half an hour passed. The cheering fire had burned out now and the room was in darkness. A low moan came from the couch. In an instant Helen was at her little girl's side.

"What is it, my darling?"

"Oh, mummy, my ear—it hurts me so, Oh, mummy."

Then Helen noticed a thin stream of blood was slowly trickling down the soft white pillow. With a quick gasp of fear she rushed to the 'phone.

"Give me Main 7-4-3-0!" she gasped. "Yes, Main. For God's sake, hurry, operator. Hello—is this you, doctor? Yes, this is Helen Gray. Come quickly. Marcia's worse, much worse!"

She returned to the couch and gave way to a paroxysm of grief. The minutes dragged on. At last the bell rang, and Helen ran to the door to admit the doctor. He hurried towards the couch.

"It's quite dark here, Mrs. Gray. Will you turn on the lights, please?"

Helen mechanically obeyed. The physician inserted a small black tube in the child's ear and with the aid of a reflecting mirror examined the little girl for some moments. At last he removed his instrument.

"It will have to be done now, Mrs. Gray. I dislike doing it here, but we can't afford the time to get her to a hospital. Not a moment to lose—not a moment. Bring me my bag quickly, please."

Like a hypnotized woman Helen obeyed. The physician drew out cotton, bandages, and a thin-looking knife. After moving the electric light toward him he made a small, deep incision under the child's right ear. He reached for some cotton to swab the blood. Click! —out went the lights—the room was in complete darkness!

"A light—quickly, Mrs. Gray. She'll bleed to death! Turn on the lights!"

Helen dashed frantically to the switch and turned it. No light appeared.

"A lamp, candle—anything!" gasped the doctor. "Only bring me some kind of a light!"

"I have no candle. There's not a lamp in the house! What shall I do? Oh, God! what shall I do?"

The physician fumbled desperately in the darkness. After a few moments he clasped the motionless little hands together, rose from his chair, and instinctively felt his way to the mother.

"It's no use—she's dead. The lights did it. I cut the artery, and it's all over." The inconsolable heap on the chair made no answer.

Suddenly noises were heard. The rough, loud voices of many men intruded into the death chamber. They seemed excited, almost hilarious. There was a banging at the door. Neither Helen nor the doctor made an attempt to open it. The clamoring increased. The door burst open. From the darkness rang the triumphant voice of John Gray, the father.

"We've won—we've won the strike. There's not an electric light burning in New York City to-night!"

\* \* \*

In a patriotic rally in a Puget Sound city recently a mixed audience was in attendance, when one of the speakers, pausing for a moment to let the effect of his words sink in, lowered his tone and asked impressively but quietly: "What can be more sad than a man without a country?" "A country without a man," replied a hard-featured unmarried lady in the audience.



## Week-ends in the Ozarks

offer an unlimited choice of diversion. There's dancing, boating, bathing, canoeing, fishing, riding, and driving. No matter what the sport indulged in, you are always breathing the pure, vitalizing air of the Ozarks.

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our special outing train affords ideal service for those desiring to spend a week-end in the Ozarks—it leaves St. Louis Saturdays at 2:20 pm; returning arrives St. Louis Sundays at 9:40 pm.

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## Marts and Money

On the stock exchange in New York quotations continue to move in dark and devious ways. They indicate extraordinary confusion of minds among the speculative public; also pronounced unwillingness to enter into important commitments. Trading is of an opportunistic character. Among the strictly professional crowd it consists of buying on the "soft spots" and of selling on the "hard spots." Right now the short side is the most favored, owing, largely, to the substantial profits it has yielded to its persistent followers in the last three or four weeks. For this very reason the technical condition of the market shows considerable improvement, though not as much as some authorities would appear to believe. The rapid advance the other day in the quotation for Steel common (from 118 $\frac{1}{2}$  to 123 $\frac{1}{2}$ ) was mainly the outcome of excessive selling of unowned stock. A similar interpretation can be placed on the sharp rallies in Crucible Steel common, Republic Steel common, Baldwin Locomotive, and some other stocks of this class. The upward movement was attended by somewhat more hopeful reasoning in regard to legislative and regulative plans at Washington. Copper issues remained distinctly backward, however. Their values were affected by lowered prices for the metal and labor unrest in the mining districts. Some of the leading companies already report material reductions in their monthly outputs.

For August and September deliveries electrolytic is quoted at 26 to 27 cents per pound. The recent maximum was 33 cents. The spot price is 27, against a high record of 37 some months ago. It is feared in Wall street that the government will eventually force a cut in the quotation to 18 or 19 cents. Naturally, stockholders are uneasy and tempted to sell at every advance of a few points. Their infirmity of faith in the stability of things is increased further by growing costs of production. According to the report of the Anaconda for the year ended July 1, the ton-cost

of production at its Montana mines was \$5.19, against \$4.13 in 1915-16, \$4.01 in 1914-15, and \$3.78 in 1913-14. The actual operating cost last year was \$48,700,000, compared with \$25,800,000 in 1913-14. The current quotation for Anaconda stock is 77 $\frac{1}{2}$ , against 105 $\frac{3}{4}$  last November. For Inspiration, the comparative figures are 54 $\frac{1}{4}$  and 74 $\frac{3}{4}$ ; for Utah, 103 and 130. Considering the dividend rates now effective, the ruling prices must be regarded as symbolic of increasing skepticism as to the ability of the companies to maintain quarterly payments of \$2, \$2, and \$3.50, respectively, in the event of a fall in the metal's value to 22 or under.

The improved feeling in respect to the industrial programme of the federal government was accentuated by the fine report of the Republic Iron & Steel Co. for the quarter ended June 30. The surplus available for dividends on the common stock, after payment of 7 per cent on the preferred, was placed at \$6,692,906, equal to \$24.60 on each share outstanding. In the face of such results, it may rightfully be maintained that the steel producers could well afford to grant material reductions in their price schedules. A Pittsburg authority is quoted in the New York *Evening Post* as follows: "The average earnings of the steel industry in the three years 1911-12-13, contemplated by the senate bill as a basis for determining excess profits, were about \$250,000,000 a year. Last year's earnings were about \$700,000,000. Earnings in the first quarter of this year were at the rate of \$950,000,000 a year. If the same costs obtained as in the first quarter of 1917, while prices realized were equal to the prices now quoted as representing the present market, the earnings would be fully \$3,000,000,000 for the whole year. It would not be fair for the government, and it would be impossible for the private consumer, to pay prices that would yield the profits last given. There are many in the steel trade who would be content if earnings were fixed at a rate equal to those of 1916. At the present rate of output, a profit of about one cent a

pound or \$20 per net ton on steel products generally would be required to yield last year's profits." The forthcoming report of the Steel Corporation for the second quarter is expected to reveal net earnings of over \$135,000,000. It is likewise expected to be the high-water mark for some time to come, since the results for the third quarter should reflect the enforced lowering of quotations. As already stated, the current price of Steel common is 123 $\frac{1}{2}$ . This cannot justly be claimed to represent an excessive valuation, even though it is true that in March, 1916, purchases could be made at less than 80. Such cuts in steel prices as now are intended would not really destroy the ability of the corporation to pay existing rates of disbursements, regular and extra. Tentatively estimated, the quarterly surplus available for the common stock, totalling \$508,000,000, would be equal to not less than 10 per cent. This, after all necessary deductions. In all probability, though, the corporation would not deem it advisable in case of such a change in financial circumstances to continue the present quarterly payment of \$4.25 per share. Should the amount be reduced to, say, \$1.25 regular and \$1.50 extra, or \$2.75 in all, the stock's quoted value would be likely to decline, temporarily at least, to 95. These conjectures on my part do not take account of possible or probable developments along the war fronts, peace prospects, and changes in general financial affairs. For the second quarter, the corporation will again declare a total dividend of \$4.25.

Prices of representative railroad stocks indicate no important changes from the levels of the previous week. The demand for this kind of investment paper continues disappointingly poor, and there is no prospect that it might substantially improve in the near future. Notwithstanding the terrific shrinkage in the values of numerous industrials since the autumn of 1916, or, in some cases, since 1915, speculative interest still is chiefly centered in this department of the stock market. It's a gambling mania, mostly. The desire is to "get quick action," irrespective of inherent merits. Much the same state of things obtains in London and Paris, where the shares of oil, copper, steel, shipbuilding, rubber, powder, and shell companies are active, while the approved investment issues remain in neglect. The volume of speculative transactions in those markets is very much smaller, though, than in New York. The quotations for railroad bonds are firm in nearly all important instances. Slight betterment can be noted in the values of high-grade municipal bonds, but foreign issues again display reactionary tendencies. Russians in particular. The latest quotation for Russian exchange is 21.25 cents; it was 23 some days ago. The sharp fluctuations are the natural outgrowth of somewhat kaleidoscopic changes in Petrograd politics. French, British and Italian drafts are rated at previous quotations.

In New York the call money rate, which was up to 10 per cent at one time, has fallen back to 3 per cent; for time funds the maximum rate is 4 $\frac{1}{4}$  per cent. Wall street people feel much elated over the striking turn for the better in the loan department. The week's bank statement reveals another

remarkable gain in excess reserves—one of \$107,900,000. The total now stands at \$144,045,710. In connection with the notable enlargement of excess reserves, it must be borne in mind that it is to a considerable extent the consequence of reduced reserve requirements. The change in this regard has anew occasioned some anxious talk in regard to perilous inflation. There are people who never feel quite right unless they have something to worry about. The quotation for silver has relapsed to 78 $\frac{1}{2}$ . The immediate cause of the loss was the British government's order establishing an embargo on shipments to India. Prior to this the metal's value had risen to 81 $\frac{1}{4}$  cents—a new maximum. The federal government is credited with purchases aggregating 3,000,000 ounces in recent weeks. We are told that the price of silver went as high as 84 cents at San Francisco, where heavy quantities were bought for export to China.

Trustworthy advices from the northwest as to spring wheat and oat fields are rather discouraging. They insist that considerable damage has been done by drought in many sections. Reports of a like sort come from the Canadian northwest, especially from Alberta and Saskatchewan.

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### Finance in St. Louis

Fourth street brokers did a nice amount of business during the past week, the depression in Wall street notwithstanding. Quotations were steady in all but a few cases. Profit-taking caused declines in United Railways' issues, which previously had advanced four or five points on account of sanguine conjectures averted the agreement between the company and municipal authorities. The liquidation was stimulated by misgivings as to the outcome of the matter. The quotation for the 4 per cent bonds fell to 61.50. The aggregate par value of transfers was about \$25,000. The loss in the price of the preferred stock amounted to about two points. Most of the sales were made at 23 to 24. The price of the common stock, trading in which was inconsiderable, declined from 8 to 6.50. There were no official transactions in St. Louis & Suburban general 5s, the quoted value of which shows a loss of a point.

National Candy common continued in lively inquiry, with prices ranging from 33.25 to 34.87 $\frac{1}{2}$ . The total of transfers exceeded three hundred shares. Nothing was done in the second and first preferred shares, which draw 7 per cent per annum. To the average speculator, they are entirely "too slow." Certained Products common remains in fairly good inquiry despite the rise already witnessed. Three hundred and forty shares were sold at 49 to 49.50. There are sixty thousand of these shares outstanding; they have no par value. On the second preferred, which amounts to \$1,925,000, the company pays 7 per cent per annum. This stock is purchasable at about 87.50. The total gain in the value of the common since introduction on the official board is \$7.

Eighteen shares of International Shoe preferred were taken at 110.50, and five at 111. Ten Ely-Walker D. G. common brought 106.50, a figure denoting a little depreciation. Ten Missouri Portland Cement brought 81; ten Brown Shoe

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common 68, and \$2,000 American Bakery 6s, 99.75.

Bank of Commerce was again quite active, with transactions at 114 to 116. The latter is only \$1.50 below the top notch of a few months ago—117.50. There is much favorable talk concerning intrinsic merits. The total of sales was seventy-two shares. Thirty-five Third National brought 134. Otherwise nothing of importance took place in this department of the market.

Bank clearings continue strikingly heavy in St. Louis. They reflect July disbursements, increasing agricultural operations and general industrial and commercial activities in connection with war needs. Time loans are mostly made at 5 to 5½ per cent.

The St. Joseph Lead Co. has declared a quarterly dividend of 75 cents a share and an extra dividend of 50 cents from reserve of amortization. The company is feeling the fine effects of high prices for lead, of which it is the leading individual producer in the United States. It is very likely that eventually it will be the greatest producer in every respect, outranking the American Smelting & Refining Co.

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#### Latest Quotations

	Bid.	Asked.
Boatmen's Bank .....	110	
Nat. Bank of Commerce .....	115½	116
Third National Bank .....	235	240
Mercantile Trust .....		357
Mississippi Valley Trust .....		290
United Railways com.....	5¾	
do pfd. ....	22	
do 4s .....	60%	61½
Alton, G. & St., Ia. 5s.....	72	
Certain-teed com.....	50	
do 2d .....	88	
K. C. Home Tel. 5s (\$100) .....	94¾	
St. L Cotton Comp.....	40¼	
Ely & Walker com.....	108	110
do 1st pfd.....	106½	
Int. Shoe com.....	97½	
do pfd. ....	112	
St. Louis Screw.....	235	
Hamilton-Brown .....	140	
National Candy com.....	34	35
do 2d pfd.....	89	92
Wagner Electric .....	182½	

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#### Answer to Inquiries

SUBSCRIBER, St. Louis.—You are not likely to prejudice your finances by holding Missouri Portland Cement indefinitely. The 6 per cent dividend rate is well earned. Business is good and growing. There is only \$5,100,000 capital stock. The current price of 81 is not too high. It indicates a decline of seven points from the year's top notch. A serious depreciation is not at all probable in the next twelve months. The stock is but little affected by events in New York.

FINANCE, Omaha, Neb.—There's a deal of enticing gossip concerning Cresson Gold, of Cripple Creek. Estimates about reserves of high-grade ore range from favorable to magical. The current price of \$5.75 compares with \$8 some months ago. On the strength of a few truly astonishing discoveries of rich ore, interested parties have been stealthily liquidating with the intention, possibly, of rebuying at cheaper prices. The stock is a risky speculation of the better class. You should not purchase unless you can afford to lose.

DISGUSTED, Peoria, Ill.—There are no signs at this time that the Cuba Cane

Sugar Co. may declare an initial dividend on its common stock at an early date. Latest reports concerning sugar production on the island are somewhat disappointing. Besides, there must be considered increased taxation and decreasing demand in England, France and some other importing countries in Europe. While the company's financial position is satisfactory, showing ability to pay 5 or 6 per cent on the common without inconvenience, the officials are understood to be in favor of a conservative policy with a view to being prepared for unforeseeable emergencies.

F. J. B., Albuquerque, N. M.—(1) It is not believed in well-informed circles that the Atchison common dividend will be increased in the near future. While a 7 or 8 per cent dividend would not strain the company's finances in an unpleasant way, it is recognized by the responsible officials that payment of it might cause adverse comment by people who are ever inclined to hold up their hands in horror at symptoms of a little prosperity in the railroad industry. The future course of the stock's quotation will depend mostly upon the duration of the war. Railroad stocks are considered peace purchases. (2) Metropolitan Petroleum is a rank gamble. Cannot advise purchases even at the ruling price of 134.

M. L. K., Springfield, Ill.—Standard Oil of Indiana is rated at 740 bid, 770 asked. You say you bought at 845. Since the top mark of some months since was 950, a rally to your purchase price does not seem altogether unlikely in the next three months. Fluctuations of eighty to one hundred points are frequent occurrences in the values of shares of this group, especially in days of sensational bull stunts on the stock exchange. So would advise holding for 845. You will understand that a question like yours, covering a period of only three months, is difficult to answer, particularly in times like these, when most every day may bring news of important bearing on markets for money and securities. Every observant, tutored investor should see the necessity of being modest in optimistic calculations about future market values.

INVESTOR, Poplar Bluff, Mo.—Talk concerning Corn Products common is quite encouraging, despite the dissolution suit. It harps upon the probability of an advance to 50 as soon as the general market has been put in shape for another big campaign for inflated values. Dividend predictions are not taken seriously, though. Don't increase your holdings.

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A teacher who had been dwelling eloquently upon the horrors of war hoped he had made the desired impression upon his pupils. Turning to one particularly promising youth in the first row of seats, he asked: "Now, my boy, do you object to war?" "Yes, sir, I do," was the fervent answer. "Now, tell us why." "Because," said the youth, "wars make history, an' I jest hate history."

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Officer (*to private*)—What the devil are you doing down that shell-hole? Didn't you hear me say we were out against four to one?

Geordie (*a trade unionist*)—Ay. Aa heard you; but aa've killed ma fower.—Punch.

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SUMMER GARDEN  
A. J. CICARDI

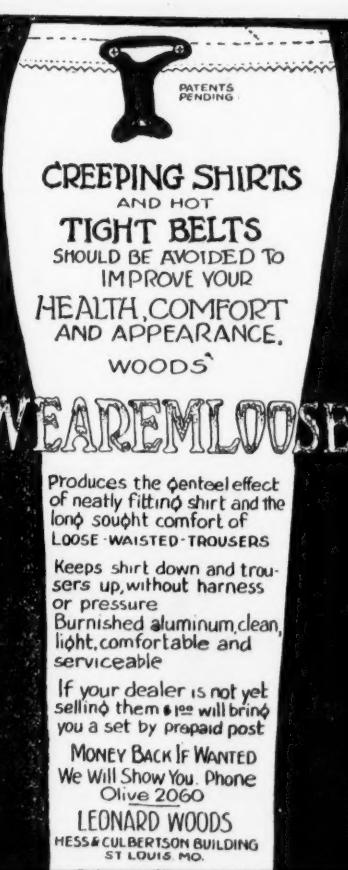
## Some New Books

"Portmanteau Plays," by Stuart Walker. Edited and with an Introduction by Edward Hale Bierstadt. Illustrated. Stewart & Kidd Company, pp. 131, \$1.50.

We mean no disrespect to Mr. Stuart Walker, nor to detract in any way from the five exquisite little plays which this volume contains, when we say that, over and above the interest which will attach to the reading of the plays, the interest of the reader will be centered in the introduction of Mr. Bierstadt, which covers little more than thirty pages of the book. What Mr. Bierstadt tells us of Mr. Stuart Walker himself and his life and work is most interesting and serves to sharpen one's interest in the plays which follow. What Mr. Bierstadt has to tell us of the Portmanteau theater itself, its physical construction, structural outlines, scenery and lighting systems, serves as a sort of introduction of the reader (who will not rest content until he becomes one of an audience witnessing the production of one of these plays) to what has heretofore been held as part of the mysteries of the stage. It will serve to relate and place in sympathy theater-goers, theatrical management and players. But of especial interest is the view which comes to one, as he reads Mr. Bierstadt's essay, of the opening up of a new school of the drama which may be likened to the impressionistic school of art. Here we find details disappearing and the play of pure observation becoming largely a play addressed to the imagination and tending to unify the audience and the stage. Our local community owes a debt of gratitude to Dr. C. J. Masseck for bringing the Portmanteau theater to us last spring and allowing us to compare its work with the strivings of our local dramatic organizations; we look forward with lively interest to the promised importation next winter by the Artists' Guild of a director imbued with the art philosophy of Stuart Walker, and to a season of new drama at the little gem of a theater which the Guild has built for itself in connection with its galleries in this city.

P. W.  
"A Little Book in C Major," by H. L. Mencken. John Lane Co., New York, pp. 79, 50c net.

Mr. Mencken, who is known through his previous work, "A Book of Prefaces" and "A Book of Burlesques," strikes a pleasant note in his new little volume, which is made up of a collection of some two hundred and twenty-five original epigrams. If these have not the keenness and subtlety of La Rochefoucauld, they have a thrust and a pervading good humor which make the book an acceptable offering to the American public. We will risk one quotation as a sample: "A Sunday-school is a prison in which children do penance for the evil consciences of their parents." Those who like this sample, and it is



STORIES Many rejected stories need only expert revision to succeed. This I can give. Recently editor leading magazine, and author Book of the Short Story. References: Jack London, etc. ALEXANDER JESSUP, 500 Fifth Ave., New York City

a fair sample, will be tempted to follow it up.

P. W.

"Community Drama," by Percy MacKaye. Houghton Mifflin Co., pp. 69, 50c net.

This little book presents the substance of an address delivered by Mr. MacKaye before the American Civic Association at its annual meeting held in Washington, December 13, 1916. Mr. MacKaye is an enthusiast, as all poets must be. He possibly claims too much for the community drama if he looks to it for the achievement, as he says, of The International Mind. But he does not claim too much in setting out its effect in furthering what he calls "neighborliness." Those of us who assisted in the production of the St. Louis Pageant realize this. Much can be gathered from the incident which he narrates in connection with the production of "Caliban," which was produced in New York city in 1916 and was recently repeated in Boston. At that production a community chorus sat concealed above the stage, wholly out of the sight of the performances. After the last performance one of the singers, a shop-girl, came to Mr. MacKaye and said: "Why has it got to end?" Mr. MacKaye asked her if she had enjoyed seeing it, and she answered that she had not seen it; that there were not enough of the altos, of whom she had been one, to be spared. But she added: "I will never get over the joy of being in it as long as I live.

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Things are different now. It was wonderful!" So felt every one of the seven thousand people here who assisted in the production of the St. Louis Pageant. Just to be "in it!" A new sense of neighborliness was created in them, and the community spirit throughout the city was greatly strengthened. Mayor Kiel did not hesitate to attribute the carrying of the new city charter and the authority for the issue of the bonds necessary for the completion of the free bridge directly to the community spirit aroused by the St. Louis Pageant. As an expression of growing democracy, the community drama occupies a lofty place. It is a pleasure to recommend Mr. MacKaye's little book to the public. P. W.

"The Sublime Sacrifice," a tragedy in three acts with prologue by Charles V. H. Roberts. The Torch Press, Cedar Rapids, Ia.

The work of the Torch Press is beautifully done. The mere physical handling of one of their books is a pleasure.

P. W.

♦♦♦

### New Books Received

Orders for any books reviewed in REEDY'S MIRROR will be promptly filled on receipt of purchase price, with postage added when necessary. Address, REEDY'S MIRROR, St. Louis, Mo.

RURAL SOCIOLOGY by Paul L. Vogt. New York: Appleton's; \$2.50.

A presentation of the influence of physical environment upon rural welfare, and a consideration of rural social problems in their relation to the farmer's income, the land question, the rural church, schools, means of communication, etc. The author is professor of rural economics in the Ohio state university. Indexed.

HENRY THOREAU AS REMEMBERED BY A YOUNG FRIEND by Edward Waldo Emerson. Boston: Houghton-Mifflin; \$1.25.

Thoreau was like an elder brother to the children of Ralph Waldo Emerson. In this volume one of them presents his early recollections of the poet-naturalist, and includes those of Thoreau's Concord neighbors. Illustrated.

BROMLEY NEIGHBORHOOD by Alice Brown. New York: MacMillan; \$1.50.

Another New England novel, written with skill, human sympathy and artistry.

IN THE WORLD by Maxim Gorky. New York: Century Co.; \$2.00.

The second volume of Gorky's autobiography, of which "My Childhood" was the first. This carries him through youth to young manhood, and is in a way as much an account of the Russian people as of himself.

PROBLEMS OF ST. LOUIS presented by the City Plan Commission for the consideration of St. Louisans, under the conviction that a complete and practicable plan will only be possible when there is an understanding and appreciation of its advantage and necessity. Indexed and illustrated.

♦♦♦

For six years a bitter feud had existed between the Browns and Robinsons, next-door neighbors. The trouble had originated through the depredations of Brown's cat, and had grown so fixed an affair that neither party ever dreamed of "making up." One day, however, Brown sent his servant with a peace-making note for Mr. Robinson, which read: "Mr. Brown sends his compliments to Mr. Robinson and begs to state that his old cat died this morning." Robinson's reply was bitter: "Mr. Robinson is sorry to hear of Mr. Brown's trouble, but he had not heard that Mrs. Brown was ill."

♦♦♦

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**PROGRAM FOREST PARK HIGHLANDS**  
WEEK OF JULY 22nd:

Olga The Modern Dancing Violiniste.	Theo and Her Dandies Miniature Musical Review
Ted—Boyle & Brown—Harry In Bright, Breezy Bits	Jones and Sylvester Funny, Foolish Fellows
Veree and Veree The Twentieth Century Elopement	

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